

# THE **Tattler**

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 24 Jan. 1962

**PRIVATE  
VIEW  
OF  
PICTURE  
PEOPLE**

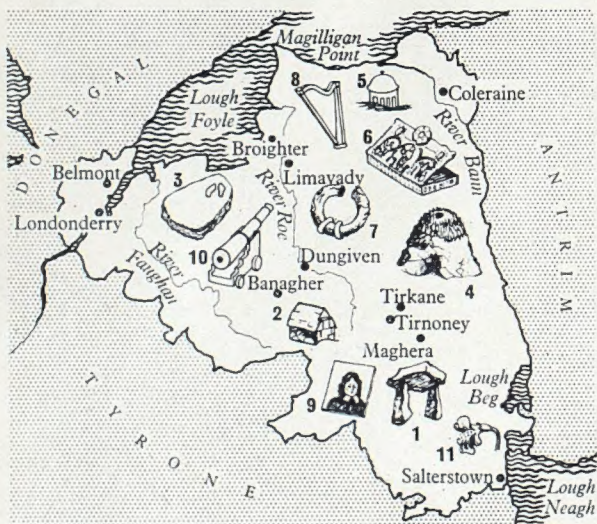






Painted by Ken Bennett

## Shell guide to LONDONDERRY



Mountain, glen, river, then Lough Foyle and Derry City against the Donegal heights. A county of introduction and persistence, harsh events, gentle colours and that wonderful Londonderry Air taken down from a fiddler at Limavady in 1851. Backed by lough and city, objects assembled here speak of Derry's past and present, of Irishry and settlers. Left, ancients than Ireland of the Irish, a dolmen (1), a neolithic burial chamber from Tirnoney, right (under the ruined church) a Christian oratory (2), from Banagher, of the 7th century, also the period perhaps of the footprints in St Patrick's Stone (3), from Belmont House, near Derry City — footprints in which a chieftain or king probably stood during his inauguration.

The Derry Farmer drives his cart of a pattern introduced from Scotland past a sweat-house (4), from Tirkane, a beehive hut which was heated for sweating away aches and pains. The ruined 17th-century Strong House of the London Company of Salters, from Salterstown, stands in this picture near the Temple of the Winds (5), placed on its Atlantic cliff by that Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry 1768-1803, after whom Europe's Hotel Bristols are named. In the foreground, the Cathach (6), or silver book-shrine which enclosed a psalter written by Colum Cille, patron saint of Derry City, who loved Derry, he says in a poem ascribed to him

*For its smoothness, for its purity,  
And for its crowd of white angels  
From one end to another*

and a prehistoric gold collar (7) found at Broughter (these are both in Dublin). Also the harp (8) plucked by the long nails of the blind harper Denny Hempson, with two heroes of the great Siege of Derry in 1689: George Walker (9), parson of Donaghmore (in Tyrone), champion of No Surrender, and Roaring Meg (10), the gun which roared defiance from the bastions. Next to the Cathach, Monkey Flower (11), the North American plant which draws lines of purest yellow down the mountain streams of Derry.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

24 JANUARY, 1962

Volume 243 Number 3152

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The cover girl with the long cool look sets the theme for a specially arranged private view (see page 195 onwards) in which Ilse Gray talks to five taste-setting gallery owners about their personal choice in paintings and décor to live with. There's a long look too at long weekendening. Fashion editor Elizabeth Dickson supplies eight pages of clothes for the country (see fashion section page 205 onwards)



# COMING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Hunt Balls:** V.W.H. (Bathurst), Bingham Hall, Cirencester; **Hampshire Hunt**, Guildhall, Winchester, 26 January. **Fernie**, Deene Park, Northants, 27 January. **Royal Agricultural College Beagles**, Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 9 February. **London-Perthshire Association dinner-dance**, Quaglino's, 2 February. (Tickets: £2 each from Mr. J. R. Hamilton, MIN 1371 or Ruislip 3007.)

**The Queen** will attend a gala preview of *H.M.S. Pinafore* at Her Majesty's Theatre in aid of the King George's Pension Fund for Actors & Actresses, 7 February. (WHI 6606.) **Challoner Club cocktail party**, Challoner Club, 7 February. (Particulars from Squadron Leader Young James, WES 3117.)

**Pineapple Ball**, Grosvenor House, 8 February.

**Dockland Settlements annual dinner**, Grocers' Hall, 9 February. (Cost of dinner 3½ gns., so contributions to be in excess of this.)

**Ladybird Ball**, Savoy, 14 February, in aid of the Pestalozzi Children's Village in Britain. (Tickets: £3 3s. inc. dinner, from the Organizer, 29 Lissenden Mans., Lissenden Gdns., N.W.5. (GUL 4352.)

**Point-to-Points: West Norfolk Hunt**, Lexham; **Bullington Club**, Crowell,

Berks, 10 February. **Cambridgeshire Harriers**, Cottenham; **United Services**, Larkhill, 17 February.

## WINTER SPORTS

**Derby Sciatori Cittadini**, Sestriere, 27, 29 January; **Inter-Services Championship**, St. Moritz, 30, 31 January; **British Ladies' Racing Week**, Château d'Oex, 30 January-4 February; **Johannes Badrutt Cup**, Cresta Run, St. Moritz, 1 February; **"He & She" Curling Tournament**, for Kasperz Cup, Grindelwald, 2-6 February; **Bobsleigh Ball**, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, 3 February; **Ladies' International Figure Skating**, Davos, 3, 4 February; **Grand Prix Horse Race** on snow, St. Moritz, 4 February; **Children's Ski Day** for the Mary Churchill Cup, Lenzerheide, 6 February; **Cresta Ball**, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, 10 February; **World Championships (Alpine)**, Chamonix, 10-18 February; **Parsenn Derby**, Davos Ski Club, 11 February; **International Ski Jumping** for the Montgomery Cup, Gstaad, 11 February; **Basil Mitchell Beginners' Race**, Grindelwald, 15 February; **Gala Carnival**, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, 17 February; **Piz Nair Gold Trophy & Giant Slalom**, St. Moritz, 18 February; **Atalanta Cup Giant Slalom** for British schoolgirls, Gstaad, 20 February; **Jubilee Celebrations**, "30 Years of Wengen Ski School," Wengen, 24 February; **Diner de l'Elegance**, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, with fashion show by Jacques Heim, 24 February; **Ski-School Celebrations**, Mürren, 24, 25 February; **International Eagle Derby**, downhill race from Wassergrat, for Eagle Club guests, 25 February; **Gornergrat Derby**, Zermatt, 16-18 March; **Scottish Kandahar**, Glencoe, 15 April.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing:** Kempton Park, today & 25; Lingfield Park, 26, 27; Warwick, 27, 29 January.

## RUGBY

**Wales v. Scotland**, Cardiff, 3 February.



Erich Auerbach

*Dr. Otto Klemperer whose production of Mozart's Die Zauberflöte entered the repertory at Covent Garden this month is seen here with Agnes Giebel who sang in a concert performance of the opera at the Royal Festival Hall. Dr. Klemperer's interpretation of Bach's St. Matthew Passion, with an international cast, can be heard there next month*

**England v. Ireland**, Twickenham, 10 February.

## MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera.** *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 7.30 p.m., tonight & 3 February; *Don Carlos*, 7 p.m., 26, 30 January, 2 February. (COV 1066.)

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Cinderella*, 7.30 p.m., 25 January; *La Fil Mal Gardée*, 2.15 p.m., 27 January; *Le Baiser De La Fée*, *Scenes De Ballet*, *The Firebird*, 7.30 p.m., 27 January, 1 February; *Les Sylphides*, *Persephone*, *Diversions*, 7.30 p.m., 31 January.

**Royal Festival Hall**, Teresa Berganza (mezzo-soprano), acc. Felix

Lavilla, 8 p.m., 25 January; **Burnt Night Concert**, 7.30 p.m., 27 January; **Delius Commemoration Concert**, 8 p.m., 29 January. (WAT 3191.)

**Sadler's Wells Opera.** *Iolanthe*, tonight, 26, 30 January, 1 February; *La Traviata* 27 January; *La Bohème*, 25, 31 January. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

**Modern Argentine Painting & Sculpture**, I.C.A. Gallery, Dover St. To 10 February.

## SHOWS & EXHIBITIONS

**Cruft's Dog Show**, Olympia, 9, 10 February.

**Hotel & Catering Exhibition**, Olympia, to 1 February.

## BRIGGS by Graham





GOING  
PLACES  
IN  
PICTURES

Morris Newcomb



*Playwright Johnny Speight is a graduate from television to the theatre. His first play was *The Compartment*, broadcast by B.B.C. TV and now he has a stage play, *The Knacker's Yard*, running at the Arts Theatre. Married with two sons, Speight is a disciple of Ionesco and Beckett; his plays have similar macabre and brutal undertones*



*Rehearsal break for Françoise Sagan (centre) and company during preparations for her new play *Les Violons Parfois*. . . . Impresario David Pelham has just acquired the right to stage Sagan's earlier play *Castles in Sweden*, in London. The new play centres round an older woman (played by Marie Bell, left, directrice of the Théâtre du Gymnase where the play is being put on) who loses her rich lover (Roger Dutoit, right) and falls in love with a young man, Marc Michel (behind Sagan), a theme similar to that of *Phèdre* in which Marie Bell dazzled London two years ago*





Photographs: Ron Appelbe

*A flash of Monte down by the Thames in S.W.1 where the River Casino (above and right) has just opened. There is even private mooring for the yacht alongside the River Club to which the Casino is attached. It is claimed as the first French-style casino in Britain and owner Jean Bauchet has brought his own croupiers from France to supervise chemin de fer games played under French laws*



*Iain Crawford*

### *Going it in style*

THE ONLY CLUB IN LONDON TO WHICH YOU CAN TAKE YOUR YACHT IS **The River Club** in Grosvenor Road, S.W.1. Opposite Dolphin Square on the Embankment is this exclusive haunt of *Burke* names, princes, presidents and plutocrats, with its own landing stage on the Thames and, now, its own Casino. **The River Casino**, which is a separate establishment, though you have to be a member of the River Club to play there, is being run by M. Jean Bauchet, the French millionaire who owns the Moulin Rouge in Paris and three other gambling clubs, together with casinos in Marrakesh and Fedhala in Morocco. He has brought his own croupiers from France to supervise the *chemin de fer* to be played on the unbonnie banks of the Thames with the six-pack shoe as played under French laws. There are two tables, at the lower of which it costs £3 to sit in, and the stakes run from £3 to £30. The higher table—placed significantly overlooking the river—costs £10 to sit in, with stakes running from £50 to £200. Membership of the River Casino costs £5 5s. a year and of the River Club £8 8s.

For your £8 8s. in the eating, drinking and dancing part of the club you get a great deal of wood panelling, a minstrel's gallery with elaborately carved balustrades, soft lighting and West Indian music until the last reveller leaves, and the company of the internationally well-heeled, eating expensive food and drinking still more expensive wine (but excellently chosen: Leo Ponte the owner of the club is a Chevalier de Tastevin and a considerable gourmet). Dinner by the river



costs a minimum of 49s., chosen from a lavish menu decorated with a sketch of the club by Annigoni. Wines start at 45s. but there are some extraordinary items on the list such as a Bourgueil 1921 and a Volnay 1906 for many times that price.

For a more modest evening out in style there is the **Society** in Jermyn Street. Panelling and gentle crimson lighting are again the main décor notes, but there is no river and no gambling. The dance floor is rather larger than in most night clubs and even on popular nights—and these are many—it is often possible to find space to light-foot it pretty freely. Music is by Gipsy Adam and His Tzigany Players, and Tony Scott's Latin American Rhythm. Paddy Roberts provides the cabaret. You can dine from 8 to 2.30 for a minimum charge of 30s. on weekdays and 35s. on Saturdays. The wine list starts at 32s. 6d. a bottle.

For less style and no modesty there is always **The Establishment** which has just launched a new show in its strictly non-luxury atmosphere. This one takes in some music and some new talent. John Bird, Jeremy Geidt and John Fortune are as splendidly excoriating as ever on all political (and a few domestic) fronts, ably aided and abetted by Eleanor Bron, a shapely ex-Cambridge girl with a well-honed satirical style. Carole Simpson is given some terrible songs by Christopher Logue to sing—not so much sick as schizoid—but even they fail to conceal that here is a girl with real talent, a dark vibrant voice and all the puns of a champion welterweight. For entertainment for those not over-sensitive about household gods, this is still the best in London.

### Cabaret calendar

**Pigalle** (REG 6423) Comedians *Tony & Eddy* in *Extravaganza*, a lavish floorshow that includes show girls and dancers  
**Talk of the Town** (REG 5051) *Joan Regan* has the late cabaret spot. *The Ten O'Clock Follies* as usual  
**Society** (REG 0565) *Paddy Roberts* singing smoky and sophisticated songs  
**Quaglinos** (WHI 6767) *Lucille Mapp* sings  
**Savoy** (REG 4343) *Maggy Sarraque*  
**Room at the Top** (ILF 5588) *Joan Turner*, vocal comedy  
**Bal Tabarin** (GRO 4203) *Diana Dors*  
**Winstons** (REG 5411) *Edwardian Nights*, *Ann Hart* and *Tony Palmer* in music hall memories



Anthony Howarth

*A touch of irreverence in W.1 where a new cabaret is being presented at The Establishment. Eleanor Bron is seen with John Fortune*

the Spaghetti Houses group, it aims to give you good Italian food in unpretentious surroundings at moderate prices. The spaghetti is, of course, first class and so are the *gâteaux*. Service is swift and friendly. A useful place when shopping in these parts, but always pretty full.

### Wine note

Our consumption of Spanish sherry has doubled in the past decade, and interest is growing in the out-of-the-ordinary wines. Let me name some of them. The first, new to the British market, is the Sanchez Romate Oloroso El César, bottled in Spain, each bottle wrapped completely in gold foil. It is a splendid wine, and so is the Spanish-bottled Romate Amontillado N.P.U., very dry, but delightfully fresh and markedly free of sugar. These wines cost 21s. 6d. per bottle. Two other sherries, for those who like them dry, are La Riva Tres Palmas and Garvey's Fino San Patricio. They cost 23s. 6d. and 20s. 6d. per bottle respectively.

### ... and a reminder

**Angus Steak House**, 15 Wardour Street (Leicester Square end).

(GER 4477.) *The latest in this steak chain.*

**Burghley Room**, Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1. (GRO 6363.)

*Fine eating in a modern and restful décor.*

**The Boulogne**, 27 Gerrard Street.

(GER 3186.) *Going since 1852 and giving jolly good value for money.*

**Cafe le Jazzhot**, 257 Fulham Road.

(FLA 9449.) *Will serve a steak or chicken until 3 a.m.*

**Marcel**, 14 Sloane Street. (BEL 4912.)

*Imaginative French cooking and not too expensive.*

**Fountain Restaurant**, Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. *Now open in the evening until 11.30 p.m., Monday to Friday inclusive.*

**Hertford Hotel**, Bayswater.

(AMB 4461.) *Most comfortable to stay in, and good eating in the restaurant for under £1 per head.*

**Quaglinos**, Bury Street, S.W.1. (WHI 6767.) *Recently redecorated in various shades of red, and new tables installed. Food and wines as good as ever.*

### Trio of charmers

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Chef Cleo**, Harrington Gardens, Gloucester Road. (FRE 4477.) C.S. Having recently celebrated its 10th anniversary, this restaurant is more popular than ever. This is not surprising. The French *bourgeois* cooking is first class; so are the various smoked fish: N.B. the eel. The coffee is good, as is the wine list, which includes the admirable 1955 Château Bataille at 26s. 6d. per bottle, and the Mistral Provence wines, red or rosé, at 16s. 6d. The prices of the food are also most reasonable. There is piano music in the background, and from time to time song as well. Chef Cleo has lost none of its atmosphere: it is a place of laughter in an often sullen world. Mrs. Berthe Myer presides with quiet efficiency, helped by the charming Madeline from Paris. W.B.

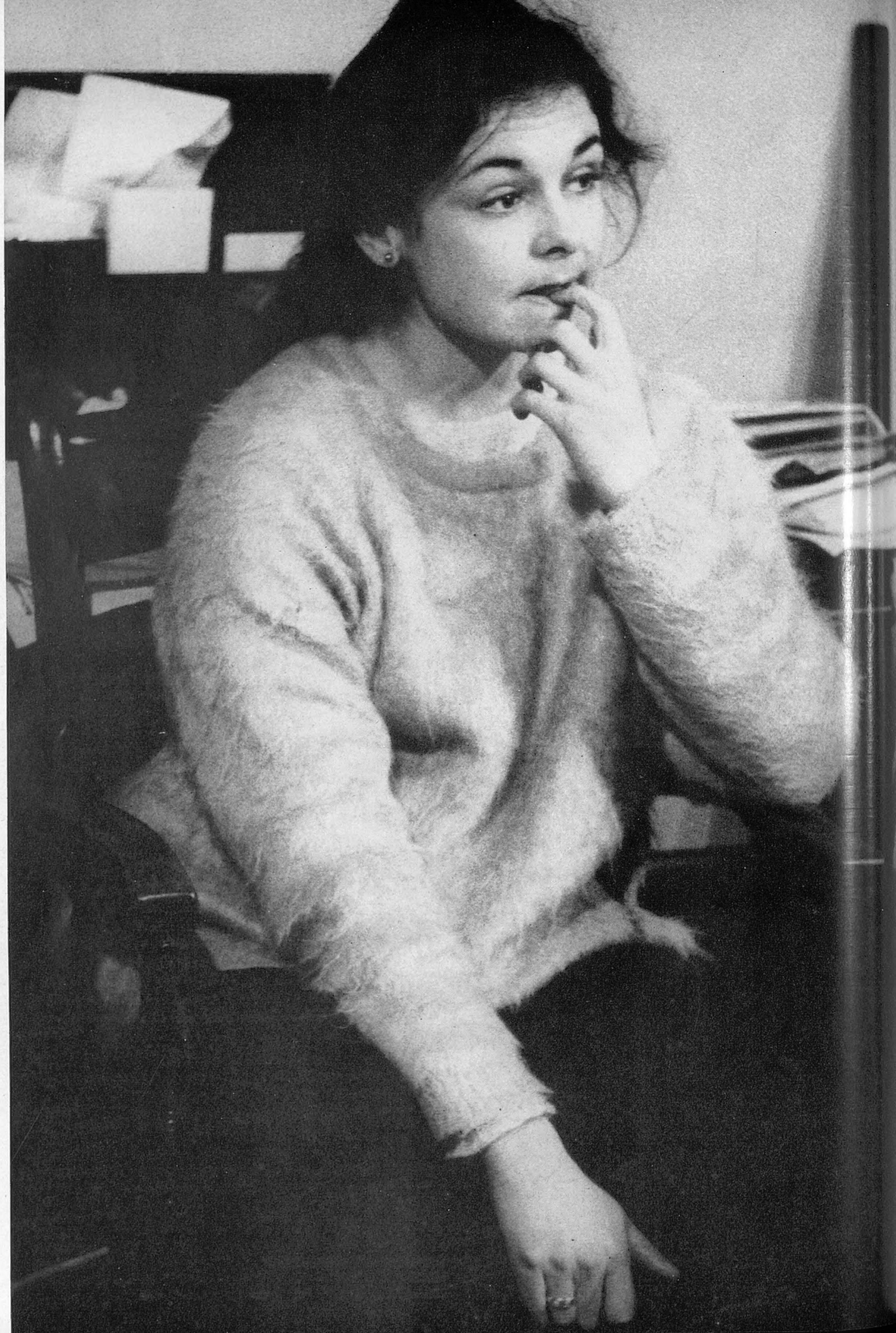
**The Empress**, Berkeley Street, W.1. (MAY 6126.) C.S. With the completion of a dining gallery Mario Gallati has completed this restaurant's reconstruction to immaculate standards. Very sumptuous it is, too. As the present trend in London is for women to be ever better turned-out and for their male companions to be more and more slovenly, in creased business suits, no waistcoats and crumpled soft collars, I hope Mario will blaze the trail and insist on dinner jackets only downstairs. Good cooking and fine wines with elegant surroundings surely deserve a decent turn-out. W.B.

**Zia Teresa**, 6 Hans Road—the side of Harrods. (KEN 7643.) One of

TO EAT

John Baker White







# PORTRAIT OF A BALLERINA



Lynn Seymour concludes this series of exclusive photographs by Michael Peto. Widely regarded as the Royal Ballet's most valuable asset, Lynn Seymour created her first leading role (in *The Burrow*) when she was 18 after only five months in the corps de ballet. She was born in Alberta, Canada, and auditioned with the Royal Ballet when the company was on tour. She danced her first *Swan Lake* when she was 20, and has tackled classical roles on world tours, but has performed few in London yet. During the last two years she created three leading roles—in *Le Baiser de la Fée*, *The Invitation* and *Les Deux Pigeons*—a remarkable achievement for a ballerina who is only 23





Doone Beal

## *Almond blossom springs*

ALMOND BLOSSOM IS DELICATE, MAGICAL AND UNRELIABLE. IT BLOOMS at its best for two weeks, and is gone. It is something for which one always expects to be either a little too early, or a little too late. My natural scepticism about it was confounded when I came upon it in all its glory in Sicily, early last February. And in what is, perhaps, the most wonderful place in the world to see it: the Valley of the Temples, at Agrigento. The slender columns of Juno, Concordia and Hercules floated in a white mist of almond blossom. Flowering rosemary and wild orchids bloomed underfoot. The little town of Agrigento, piled up in a series of white cubes against a hillside silvered with olive groves, was the backdrop. The light was the white, actinic light that one only, otherwise, associates with Greece; a light that drains all colour except that of the poppies and geraniums that bloom among the honey-coloured stones.

Whether or not you are lucky enough to catch Agrigento at this most special moment, the early spring is an enchanted time to see both it and the rest of Sicily. For Sicily is, essentially, a place to see, rather than one to lie about in. A place to see for all kinds of different reasons. Not only for its remains of Greek civilization—Selinunte, the theatres of Syracuse and Taormina—but for the much more recent Bourbon one. Most evocative of this is the romantic, decayed beauty of the villas at Bagheria, just outside Palermo, notably Valguanera, whose white statues of Ceres and Bacchus, Flora and Neptune, now rooted in an exotic garden full of weeds, gaze out in timeless sublimity over the orange and olive groves toward the hazy blue horizon of the sea.

Worth seeing, too, are the towns of Enna and Ragusa, high in the hills above Syracuse, both of them full of superb baroque villas and churches. A place that sticks in my mind for sheer beauty is Erice, a tiny coronet of a town way up above the salt flats of Trapani. You have to drive up to it, leave your car, and wander its medieval battlements, its cobbled, traffic-less streets, on foot. Not far away is the solitary Greek temple at Segesta, lying like the stamens of a flower in the enveloping hills. Another beauty—40 miles of it—is the drive along the north coast from Bagheria to Cefalu, and indeed Cefalu itself. It is a sun-stunned little fishing village of great charm, quite unexploited, and a place in which to spend time if one simple hotel and absolute quiet will do.

What of the cities? There is a natural rivalry, well fanned by the citizens of each, between Catania and Palermo. People who do not want to tour, suitcase-hitching, from one place to another each night could well divide the island between these two main cities and make sorties by day. Catania has a particularly good hotel, the Excelsior, and is the base from which to visit Etna and the coast north to Taormina and south to Syracuse. It is also the birthplace of Bellini. His house, in the old town, is full of manuscripts and faded sepia portraits of prima donnas, as evocative of his music as pressed Parma violets. Palermo's great treasure is Monreale, whose Byzantine mosaics and Moorish cloisters make one of the sights of all Europe. It is richer, palmier and more decadent than Catania, and the town itself offers perhaps more to see. Both places have a flourishing winter opera season, masses of shops and some good restaurants.

I have left Taormina to the last, in that it is the most obvious of the resorts, with scores of hotels and pensions at all price levels. Its sheer beauty, with Mount Etna rising behind it and the Greek theatre lying on the hillside, is undeniable. Whether one finds it somewhat over-exploited is a matter of opinion. It does have a beach, and on this I scorched comfortably in a swimsuit even in February. But the water was icy; bathing would have been unthinkable, even to my hardened northern blood. Flights are to both Catania and Palermo, B.E.A. and Alitalia; £40 13s. the mid-week night fare, via Rome.



The other place that comes to mind in almond blossom time is Portugal's southern coast, the Algarve. Compared with Sicily, there is nothing to see. Its charm is that of being gentle, sunny and relaxing, cheap, and ravishingly pretty. But so many people have asked about it recently that I will recap on some of the places of which I wrote a few months ago. Along the whole of this coast, the beaches are great. Atlantic sweeps from which, so they say, one can swim year-round. Praia da Rocha is the only resort, and that amounts to a few hotels and a string of cafés, no more. The best hotel is the Buena Vista, overlooking the sea. It is charmingly furnished but yields superiority in food to the little Pensao Sol, over the road, in which one can live for £1 a day. A village I preferred was Albufeira, just along the coast. It is fishier, more genuine, more picturesque. A new hotel is being





*Boats on the beach at Praia de Monte Gordo, in the Algarve on the south coast of Portugal. Below: Erice, in Sicily, sticks in the mind for sheer beauty*



J. Allan Cash

built, but in the meantime one can rent a furnished flat to sleep four for £25 a month (minimum rental, 15 days). The Casa Portugal, in Lower Regent Street, can supply further details. The Vasco da Gama, the most comfortable hotel on the coast, is unfortunately on the least attractive part of it, at Monte Gordo near the frontier. But it is beautifully run and its amenities—swimming pool on the beach, hairdresser, nightclub—would commend it to many. Equidistant (about five hours' drive) from both Lisbon and Gibraltar, it is a good base for exploring the glorious country just inland, as well as westwards along the coast. The fare to Lisbon: £58 12s. return, good rail connections to the south. B.E.A.'s night flight to Gibraltar: £30 10s. Self-drive cars can be hired through B.E.A., and the journey via Cadiz and Seville is pleasant. Rail connections on this route are poor.





*Boussac*

de PARIS



# The V.W.H. (Bathurst) goes hunting on foot



Frost and snow took charge on the day when the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hounds met at Cirencester Park (above) with the result that the horses stayed in their stables and the supporters followed on foot. Earlier in the season Earl Bathurst followed hounds on a bicycle but this time icy conditions were too much even for him. Muriel Bowen writes about the Hunt overleaf with more pictures by Van Hallan



## The V.W.H. (Bathurst) goes hunting on foot *continued*

*Hounds move off from the kennels at Cirencester Park, home of Earl Bathurst.*

*Below: Mr. R. W. Westmacott, a keen follower at 70, and formerly joint-M.F.H. of the East Cornwall*



## MURIEL BOWEN *reports*

THE V.W.H. (Bathurst) assembled in their running boots at Cirencester Park for what turned out to be hounds' last day in the snow. **Earl Bathurst**, who has a young and buoyant enthusiasm, isn't one to be dictated to by the weather. During the cold spell hounds were out as usual and members were advised through the Hunt's grapevine to bring their bicycles. This particular day, though, it was too slippery for bicycles and Lord Bathurst appeared out of the fog dressed for hunting on foot. **Countess Bathurst** was there too; very decorative, and very well shod for the snow, and so was Lord Bathurst's mother, **Lady Apsley**, keeping an eye on everything from her Land-Rover. A round dozen squealed off through the snow; a disappointingly small number considering the way Lord Bathurst was keeping the sport going. Some of the V.W.H. regulars were noticeably absent. Where, for instance, was the lean, athletic figure of **Mr. Jack Page** who has seen the hunt through to many a victory in lawn tennis when the foe was not the fox but the neighbouring Duke of Beaufort's hunt? And there was no sign either of Mr.

"**Bassie**" **Gilbey**, a great bruiser through the weekday London weather, cheerily driving his coach-and-four from his flat in Kensington to his office in Regent's Park in the pouring rain. Lord Bathurst sounded very understanding when I mentioned the absentees: "A lot of my regulars don't compete when we hunt on bicycles or on foot . . . but I have been getting some new followers since the snow started."

### THE CHESHIRE GETS ITS SKATES ON

Up North skating boots were given an airing by members of the Cheshire Hunt and the Cheshire Forest on **Capt. Gordon Fergusson's** romantic-looking lake at Oakmere. On one gloriously sunny afternoon six ice hockey teams were in action. The players, all friends of Capt. Fergusson's, were nearly all foxhunters though there were some friendly reinforcements—reputedly people who could not get to their offices because of the weather. **Lt.-Col. G. V. Churton**, honorary secretary of the Cheshire, & **Mrs. Churton**, **Mrs. Gavin Clegg**, the **Earl & Countess of Rocksavage**, **Mr. "Chubb" Patterson**, **Mr. & Mrs. Keith Rae**, and **Col. & Mrs. Anthony Dewhurst** were all there battering the puck between the pair of outsize Wellington boots which, for part of the proceedings at any rate, were used as goal posts. It was all very picturesque, the white skating boots and gleaming

skates, and the brightly coloured ski pants and anoraks bought with Switzerland in mind. Clothes, though, were incidental to the sport; **Mr. James Clegg** in tweed shooting hat adorned with bits of the feathered tribe was no less welcome than the rest, and went as well. Mixed hockey is always played with fury and this was no exception. Great speeds were achieved across **Capt. Fergusson's** seventy acres of rock-hard ice. As with any competitive sport there were casualties, though as it was pointed out afterwards, virtually all of these could have been avoided if the players had worn their horses' knee pads. However, there was general sympathy for the Canadian professional ice hockey player who got a gash on the head. He wasn't used to the amateur game in which a collision is often considered the only conceivable way of stopping. Ice hockey wasn't the only sport at Oakmere. On another part of the lake **Capt. Fergusson**, **Mr. Philip Hunter**, the Master of the Cheshire Forest, and some more were enjoying some curling. Not much noise from them, but a nice turn of skill.

### AWAY FROM WINTER

Four polo players are on the point of packing their bags and flying to California. They are **Major Ronald Ferguson**, the **Marquess of Waterford**, his brother **Lord Patrick Beresford**,





*Mrs. R. W. Westmacott and Countess Bathurst. Left: Earl Bathurst. Below: Lady Apsley, Lord Bathurst's mother, and Mr. S. Kekewich, treasurer of the Hunt*



and Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland who plan to go into action against their hosts, El Dorado, immediately on their arrival. In all they will have 24 days in the States. The team will be called Hurlingham, ponies being provided by the host club, El Dorado, which is at Palm Desert. Polo, except perhaps Service polo, and a desert would seem like odd bedfellows. But then Palm Desert sounds no odder really to us than the Haymarket to visiting Americans. My guess is that the Hurlingham team will find the social life of Palm Desert of an even more exhaustive nature than the polo there.

A week ago on Saturday the Empress of England sailed from Liverpool to the sun of Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas and Tangier. Those on board included Col. & Mrs. G. M. Morrison, Mr. & Mrs. S. G. Mundy, Mrs. D. Fitzsimmons, Mr. & Mrs. L. D. Gumley, and Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Ellison who came over from Northern Ireland to join the white Empress. I report that the cruise was a complete sell-out.

## PARTY TIME FOR TOTS

The children's party season is in full swoop. Teenage dances have greatly increased in number this year and Mrs. John Puxley gave a bang-up one at Welford Park, in Berkshire (pictures on page 193). It was for her sons, James and Charles—two very composed young men

and excellent hosts. Mrs. Puxley told me: "It is such a relief that so many came—I kept running to the telephone all day to people who said they could not make it because of flu or the condition of the roads." Nevertheless the hazards were faced squarely. Mr. & Mrs. John Gilbey brought Arabella and Christopher, skidding through a hedge ("fortunately our own") as a forerunner to party fare. Lady Goschen found her car would not go forwards or back on the ice and I came on her inspecting the road with a torch. Fortunately though she wasn't marooned for long. It was a night of incidents. Emma de Pret-Roose, travelling with her father Mr. Michael de Pret-Roose, saw her first road accident: a lorry overturned in a ditch; while Mr. Duncan Simmons transporting Raymond had his car slither backwards down a hill. When he got to the bottom he came by another route. At midnight everybody was homeward bound again, and what do you think they all said as they left? That they would not have missed Mrs. Puxley's party for anything.

In London more than 200 three to twelve-year-olds converged on the Hyde Park Hotel for the party to benefit the Sunshine Homes and Schools for Blind Children (see page 192 for photographs). A small girl dressed in a white tu-tu put the party in seasonal perspective. Grown-ups asked her what she was supposed to be—a rosebud, Columbine, a ballerina? "No,"

she said crisply. "I'm Winter." Most of the children were in fancy dress and the foyer of the hotel was an exotic sight after they had peeled off their coats.

Lady Osborn brought her daughter, Sarah, not in fancy dress because of the complications of getting Sarah complete with costume up from Farnham in the snow. Her son, Richard, three-and-a-half, was seeing snow for the first time. "He's mad about it, out making snowmen all the time," reported his mother. Mrs. S. Savorgnan, wife of the First Secretary at the Italian Embassy, came with her two children, Francesco and Muni. When dancing started the children showed the customary reluctance of their age group to dance with the opposite sex. Mrs. Egerton made a foray on to the dance floor to encourage splitting up, but the children seemed adamant. Over to the Savoy for a nine to fourteen age group party, a benefit for the Invalid Children's Aid Association that went off most successfully. The party had a fancy head-dress theme and some of the head-dresses were so elaborate that the children were barely able to see out of them. Lady Grenfell was one of many women lending a hand with the stalls and enjoying it. Mme. Vassighy, wife of the Iranian Minister, brought her son, Mohammed Vassighy (an avid autograph hunter—wait until he gets loose on his father's parties!) and daughter, Fereshti.



# FILM PREMIERE

Princess Marina was guest of honour at the first night of *The Valiant* at the Odeon, Leicester Square



*Commandante Luigi de la Penne with Lady Morgan*

Below:  
*Mrs. Diana Knox, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Charles Morgan who commanded the Valiant at the time of the attack, talks with Signor L. de la Penne, son of one of the Italian frogmen who mined the ship*



*Mr. & Mrs. John H. Davis. He is chairman of the Rank Organization*



*Lady Mount*



*Dr. Roberto Arias & Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias. He is the Panamanian Ambassador*



# THEATRE SEND-OFF

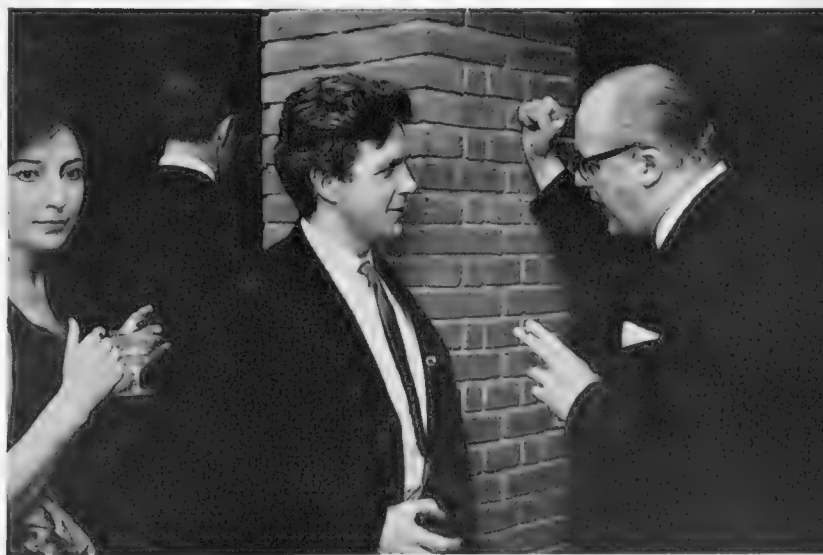
Members of the Old Vic attended a midnight party in the Whitbread cellars, Chiswell Street, on the eve of the company's American tour

THE TATLER 24 January 1962  
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Miss Jane Downs  
with Mr. John Fox



Mr. Andrew  
Burnaby-Alkins,  
managing director  
of Whitbreads,  
with Miss Jean  
Robinson, the  
actress



Mr. John Stride,  
the actor, with  
Old Vic chairman  
Mr. Alfred Francis



Below:  
Mrs. W. H. Whit-  
bread, wife of the  
chairman of  
Whitbreads, greets  
actress Miss Sally  
Layng. Just arriv-  
ing: Mr. Waller  
Hudd



Supper for actors Mr. Robert  
Harris and Mr. Michael  
Meacham



Whitbread inn signs hang over  
the buffet



# Two nights out

In Carlisle

*Viscountess Morpeth was the chairman of a dance given at the Silver Grill by the Friends of the (local) Hospitals*

*Mr. Michael North, Mrs. James Grant, a member of the committee, and Viscountess Morpeth, chairman of the ball.*

*Below: Mr. & Mrs. Stafford Howard*



In Lincoln *members of the county's Agricultural Society gathered in the Assembly*



*The Rt. Rev. K. Riches, Bishop of Lincoln, and Mrs. Peter Straxson*



*Miss Anne Riches, daughter of the bishop, and Mr. John Nunneley*



*Mrs. B. Leslie Barker, wife of the organizer of the ball, and the Venerable A. C. Jarvis*





Photographs: Van Hallan

Major and Mrs. W. J. M. Gubbins—he is a former High Sheriff of Cumberland—and (below) Mrs. P. Keeling & Mr. R. T. Spencer



Miss Amanda Howard and Mr. Norman Harrison



Mr. David Bloomer, son of the Bishop of Carlisle, and Miss Gillian Barnes

rooms for their annual ball which coincided with the New Year ice and blizzards



Mr. & Mrs. R. A. S. Milligan-Manby. He was a member of the ball committee



Mrs. Smith Petersen (actress June Thorburn) and Colonel Guy Bedford



Shirley Abicair played her zither to an audience seated on the floor



# JUNIOR JAMBOREES

1 A fancy dress party in aid of the Sunshine Homes & Schools for Blind Children was held at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge



Christopher and Carey Taylor. Right: Conyngham and Henrietta Corfield. Below: Carole Jacobs, a seven-year-old Cinderella, with her 12-year-old prince, Brian Jacobs, and nine-year-old Buttons, Richard Jacobs



Photographs: Desmond O'Neill



Joanna Zimmerman won first prize for her rajah's costume



Frances MacGregor won a prize as a barrow boy



Fiona MacGregor and Sarah Myburgh



2 Mrs. John Puxley gave a teenage dance for her sons James & Charles at Welford Park, her house in Berkshire



Photographs:  
Tom Hustler

*Anthony Stansfeld and Hermione Berthon. Left: Jennifer Nicholson dances with one of the hosts, James Puxley. Below: The statue dance*



*Josephine Sherrard and Simon Berthon*

*Emma de Pret-Roose and Andrew Ross*

*Nicola Brown*





JUNIOR JAMBOREES  
CONTINUED

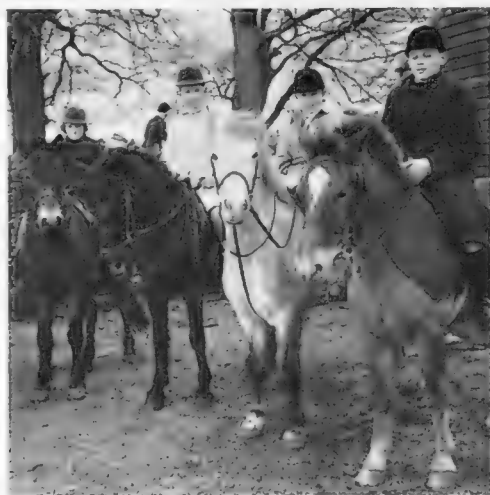
# CHILDREN'S MEET



*Mr. Tony Collins, the terrierman, puts a terrier to ground while the hunt waits*

Following the traditions of their parents, the Pony Club members of the Cotswold met after the hunt ball the previous evening. The meet was held at the Compton Abdale home of the joint-Master, Mrs. J. Brutton

Photographs: Van Hallan



*Susan and Alex Newman, Roger Hanks and Anthony Chapman*



*Joint-Masters  
Mrs. J. Brutton  
and Sir Hugh  
Arbuthnot, Bt.*



*Mrs. Joan Pardey  
hands a stirrup  
cup to Maurice  
Brennan*

*Below: Rupert  
Chesmore, four  
years old, one of  
the youngest mem-  
bers*





# A PRIVATE VIEW



# OF PICTURE PEOPLE

Among required qualifications for gallery owners, says Ilse Gray, are expert knowledge, a sure financial touch and the speculative instinct—they have to guess at public taste a decade hence. But how closely does the public choice tie in with the personal? Do they buy for their own homes the kind of paintings and sculpture they would have us buy? Sandra Lousada's wide-screen photographs taken at the homes of five London private gallery owners prove that in their case at least the answer is quite definitely yes

Erica Brausen: founded the Hanover Gallery in 1948—has discovered artists like Francis Bacon and Reg Butler and introduced to this country—among many others—Giacometti and Marini. Miss Brausen has lived in Bolton Studios for 15 years and now finds that her flat is just not big enough to hold all the paintings, sculpture and objets she has collected on her journeys abroad. The living-room has a studio rooflight along one wall and a staircase in the room leads up to the bedrooms and bathroom. The fitted carpet is red, the Regency day bed is covered in yellow velvet and the Empire sofa in blue. Against a background of white walls the room has a vital glowing look. Under the window is a Germaine Richier bronze, on the desk a Schwitters collage, some Tellem figures and a Mexican Indian mask. The torso is by Giacometti, the painting on the fireplace wall by Poliakoff; there is a Klee above the bookcase. Behind Miss Brausen hangs a Bauchant painting of St. Francis. The French stove has been converted to electricity





#### Peter Tunnard:

of McRoberts & Tunnard in Curzon Street, lives in Upper Belgrave Street. He has a large collection of modern paintings all over his flat (including the kitchen) which contrast well with the period décor and such *recherché* items as an 1820 Smokatorium, Napoleonic clocks and a copper samovar. The desk and sideboard have Italian inlaid marble and hardstone. Paintings (from left) are by Guttuso (portrait), Kit Barker, Kallos (below fireplace), Clemente, Acht and Howie. In Mr. Tunnard's bedroom is a fine painting of the Crucifixion in a Neapolitan Crowd by Mario Russo. It hangs above a bed covered by a lush vicuña skin. Mr. Tunnard has spent a good deal of time in Italy and his gallery makes a point of introducing new Italian artists

#### Madeleine Grand:

runs the New Art Centre in Sloane Street. At 25 she is one of the youngest directors in the business. The Art Centre—her own idea—opened two and a half years ago and is chiefly concerned with making known the work of new young artists. Miss Grand recently moved into a flat overlooking Brompton Square. She has surrounded herself with furniture mostly period, though her pictures, apart from six enormous Pre-Raphaelite paintings in the narrow hall, are by painters whose work hangs in the Sloane Street gallery. The large oils like the one by John Hubbard are in her living room, smaller drawings and water colours hang in her blue and white bedroom. The Chinese vase on the table in the bay window is really an umbrella stand, the china parrot is German and the stained glass has been attributed to Burne-Jones





**Charles Gimpel:**

together with his brother Peter, runs Gimpel Fils in S. Molton Street—probably the first English gallery to exhibit mainly abstract art. Mr. Gimpel's own collection is also principally abstract—set off by an entirely modern, uncluttered background. He and his wife live in a new house in Stanhope Gardens. Their L-shaped living-room has white walls and carpets, the furniture is by Robin Day, but the Gimpels also have a couple of Dutch armchairs and a glass coffee-table by Mies van der Rohe. In the window behind Mrs. Gimpel is a Henry Moore maquette for the Time Life sculpture screen. Paintings (from right of window) are by Albers, Riopelle, Soulages and Alan Davie. The bird sculpture behind Mr. Gimpel is by Bernard Meadows, the two near the door are by Barbara Hepworth and the head on right is by Henry Moore. Mr. Gimpel has twice lived with the Eskimos and the gallery's recent Eskimo art exhibition was the result of his visits. He and his wife are examining some of the carvings







#### David Gibbs:

recently returned from the States, is a leading expert on modern American painting in this country. He is an art consultant who has a gallery attached to his office in Bond Street. He puts on exhibitions there, but a large part of his time is spent in organising shows in other places. As advisor to the Jackson Pollock Estate, he arranged the Pollock exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Art which later toured Europe. Mrs. Gibbs helps to run her husband's office. They live with their children in a maisonette in Chesham Place, and American painters dominate their own collection, too. The living-room has pale grey walls and curtains, black leather and charcoal settees and a Jacobson chair. In this simple, rather severe setting, the bright colours of the paintings stand out in contrast. Paintings (from right) are by William Turnbull, Barnett Newman, Hoyland, Sam Francis and Franz Klein. The sculpture is by Paolozzi, beside the settee is a regimental drum





# FAREWELL TO THE HIVE

La Ruche—the name means beehive—is a group of studios in the 15th arrondissement. They were built as an exhibition centre at the same time as the Eiffel Tower, and afterwards let at nominal rents to young artists by the Paris Council. The number of famous artists who worked there is remarkable—Boucher, Leger, Archipenko, Laurens, Epstein, Soutine, Picasso, Braque, Kandinsky, Chagall, Appollinaire, Modigliani, Zadkine—and of course the number of failures is even more impressive. La Ruche makes a world of its own. It is a beehive, both in its physical shape and in the intensity of the activity going on inside. La Ruche has always worked in its own time scale, remote from the crises of the moment, constantly reminded of the past through the abandoned works that hide their failures behind the ivy and plants in the gardens; constantly working through the present to a universal sense of time. But now La Ruche faces a crisis of its own for the studios are soon to be demolished to make way for a block of flats. The artists who still work there (*see overleaf*) will find other studios in other parts of Paris but the family life of La Ruche with its strange intensity and community of effort will vanish with the dust that rises in its demolition.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER HILL



In the grounds of La Ruche (left and far left) unfinished statues, anonymous as their departed creators

Below: Lunch chez Martha Colvin, a Chilean sculptress, one of the best-known artists currently working in La Ruche. Right: Melano, a leading technician in mosaics works here, too. He worked with Leger, has helped many artists of the French school



“Dans le monde de la Ruche ou l'on



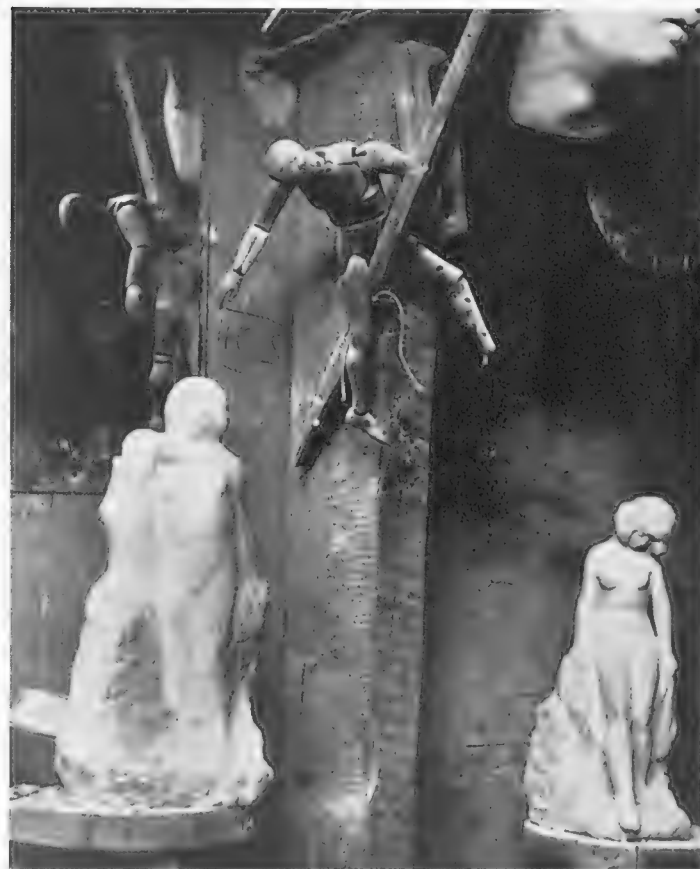
Marcel Mouly is perhaps the most successful painter in La Ruche at the moment. Right: Busts of forgotten men by forgotten artists litter the gardens, reminders of failure, inspirers of success







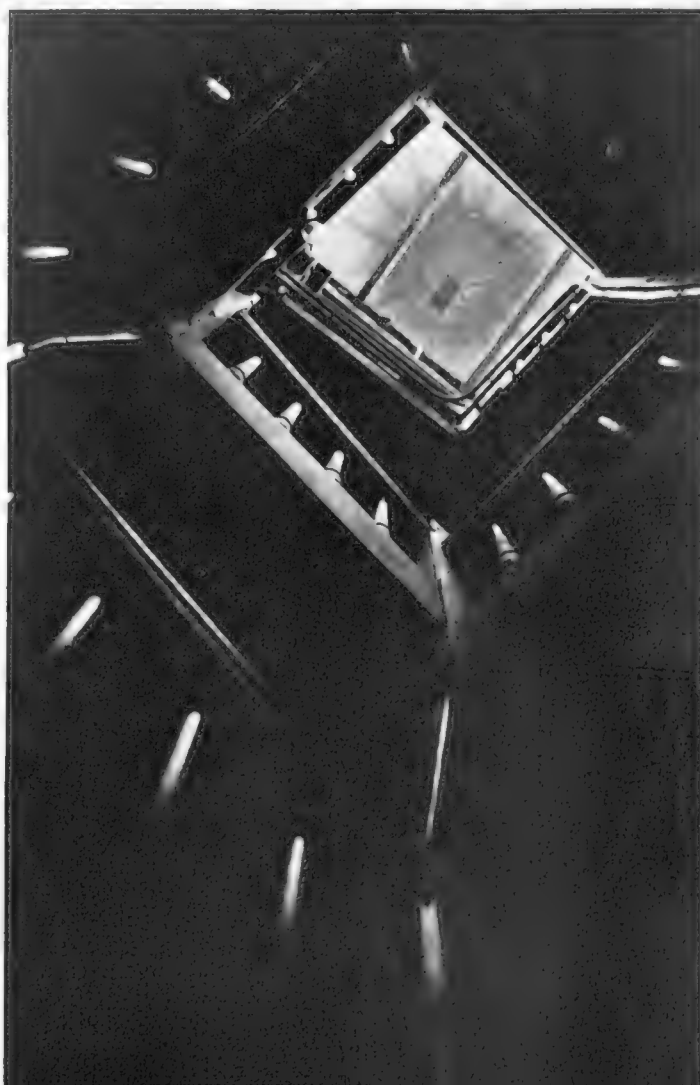
Jacques Mauhin has a studio at the top of the building; many of his paintings have been spoiled by dampness. Below: An unknown sculptor's studio: new tenants would inherit this sort of abandoned statuary



crovait ou l'on en sortait célèbre" MARC CHAGALL\*



Madame Mouly, wife of the painter, works in the atelier of Melano. La Ruche is a family affair. Right: The central staircase in the main part of La Ruche: there are 90 studios



\*IN THE WORLD OF LA RUCHE WHERE ONE EITHER STARVED OR FOUND FAME

# Gambling begins at home

Lord Kilbracken

WHENEVER I ARRIVE IN A TOWN WITH A CASINO—let it be Salzburg or Kitzbühel, Monte or Hyères—it is a law of nature, proved empirically, that I will find myself in the *salle des jeux* well before midnight on the night of my arrival. An inescapable homing instinct infallibly propels me there. So it is all the more remarkable that, until just the other day, I had never ventured into any of the gambling hells which began to blossom and burgeon as soon as I moved to London. There they have been on my doorstep—enough to make England's fair capital, where games of chance had been even more sinful than drinking after hours, just about the biggest gaming centre this side of Nevada—but I'd never been near one of them.

Recently I decided it was time this should be remedied, and I've carried out a quick Kilbracken survey of the general situation as it exists in London today. Why, first, this sudden proliferation? I may have given the impression that it was actually the result, in some way or another, of my arrival in England: Satan (or someone) just *had* to put the temptation there. There are, as far as I know, no grounds for this belief. It was the merest coincidence that my decision to move Londonwards coincided with the passing of the Chemmyplayer's Charter—if I may thus refer to the Act which was supposed to rationalize the gambling laws (but didn't). It legalized betting shops and bingo, but not baccarat; it admitted *chemin-de-fer* but not craps. I cannot explain why craps, for example, should be out and chemmy in, since the former is no more seductive nor more dangerous; our legislators are a rum lot, however.

The Charter can hardly have been welcomed by those of our community who had long been running chemmy games (illegally, need I say) and who found themselves quite suddenly without a game. It's better by far, if you can, to stay within the law where any form of gambling is concerned, and there was no longer any demand for the so-called "floating" game (which moves nightly from house to house as in *Guys & Dolls*); it would be interesting to discover what has happened, professionally, to those who were running them. Perhaps they are now croupiers or even *chefs-du-parti*. All other gamblers, however, greeted it wholeheartedly: clubs of all kinds discovered, in every part of Britain, with varying degrees of alacrity, that they could add very interestingly to their income and their membership by investing in a green baize table with the appropriate magic design, an ample supply of chips, and a gentleman who could announce, in a reasonable French accent: "*Un banco de 50 livres est demandé.*"

Monte Carlo, however, wasn't built in a day, and the club-owners of Britain, when it came to the point, found there was rather more to running a casino than they'd at first imagined. My first port of call, when I began looking around, was Mr. Leo Ponte's River Club, which is among the most recent to have opened a gaming room. It's perfectly located, as you may perhaps know, on the shores of the Thames in the vicinity of Parliament: "Members arriving by yacht may moor alongside the club's private quay," says the official press handout. This is rather a good line, but I left my yacht at home on this particular occasion. I like the River Club as a night-spot because it has charm, good food, *ambiance* and sophistication.

Having carefully avoided the much-publicized first night, I dropped in on a weekday to inspect what is

described by the same official source as "the first French-style casino in Britain." I took a beautiful girl with me to bring me luck and courage (I'm very superstitious). Well, I've never seen a French casino like it. There were two admirable chemmy tables, a plethora of croupiers, Mr. Ponte, the river, impressive stacks of chips, cards, shoes, M. Bauchet (the managing director, who owns the Moulin Rouge and casinos in Fedhala and Marrakesh), the river, Mr. Ponte, the beautiful girl, and I. But, alas, there were only three players. This later increased to four (around midnight). One of them, who couldn't stop winning, didn't know the rules and was much too excited to learn them. A willing croupier helped him. It is very nearly immoral—and very nearly impossible—to sustain a game of chemmy with three players. So we slowly sipped our brandies and admired the lights on the river. I'm perfectly sure that all this will be changed when the glad news gets around, and that happy cries of "*Banco!*" will be warming the Bauchet heart before the next moon wanes.

At Crockford's, which I visited next night, it was the other way round. There's no dancing, no music, and only a rudimentary *table d'hôte* menu in the unromantic, green-&-violet dining-room. When you go upstairs, however, it's a *very* different matter: they understand about gambling at Crockford's in much the same way as they know about rumbas and *filet mignon* at the River Club. Four tables of chemmy were going, absolutely full blast, when I arrived at midnight, and only one of them had folded when I left three hours later. The house rules state quite clearly that they play "till the game ends," and this I was told, is frequently at breakfast time—by which I mean 9.30 a.m. At the big table, which costs £10 a shoe, the bank is usually £100 or £200 (the maximum) and there's never a shortage of punters; at the cheapest table—£2 a shoe—the usual bank is a fiver and the maximum's £40. Here, after the usual fluctuations, I quietly won a pony.

Poker and bridge are played (in other rooms) as in the pre-chemmy days, but the games, and the atmosphere, are relatively staid, and some of their devotees are being slowly seduced away. With its booming membership and income—£300 an hour, I estimate, from table money alone—Crockford's now plan to improve their ancillary facilities: an enlarged dining-room, for instance, with a more interesting menu and a more attractive *décor* (but no music).

Finally, in the farthest reaches of Knightsbridge, I managed to discover Esmeralda's Barn, a rather more proletarian institution with less ambitious aims. You will not be blackballed at Esmeralda's, or even asked to leave, if you start your bank at ten bob: the maximum is £15, the clientele is varied, the croupiers croup in English.

You can take your pick—and there are, of course, dozens more besides. One basic difference, compared with the Continent, is that you have to be a member (or a member's guest), which hinders the tyro from ambling in at his pleasure, as he might at Cannes or Nice. Perhaps it's just as well. I enjoyed my little look-around, and was reasonably pleased with myself for ending a winner on balance. But now, I think, I'm going to stay away; the thing might become a habit. The trouble is, though, that it may be a habit already. Perhaps I should look in just once more. Tonight, perhaps. Just for a couple of shoes.





# THE LONG WEEKENDERS

WEEKEND TOGS: ELIZABETH DICKSON  
WEEKEND SNAPS: JOHN COLE

Kicking over the traces of the old country style—new dressing with dash for out-of-town

Chunky pullover from Sarah Ward, Beauchamp Place,  
95s.—in all country hues, here in misty heather  
For Country Stockists turn to p. 210





Back at the ranch: suede trews, sold together with a sleeveless jerkin, by Paul Blanche at Harrods, 23 gns. Steel grey cotton shirt, Pucci at Woollands, 4 gns. Checked schoolboy cap from Jaeger, 59s. 6d.





15



16



17



18



19



20



Fireside comforts: the great sweater look, again from Sarah Ward's Irish wool shop, Beauchamp Place, 5 gns.—in bracken shades.





More country commuter looks: race meeting three-piece in pale lichen tweed with box-pleated skirt, bodice half tweed, half moss green suede. Koupy Boutique at Simpsons, 27½ gns., Otto Lucas hat, Liberty



The deep country look—cued too to city life: crushed strawberry tweed plaid for coat and skirt, coat reversing to red waterproof; completing trio—strawberry wool top. Aquascutum. Sold separately. Coat 25 gns., skirt 6 gns., top 5 gns.





Cowboy's girl: handsome prairie suit, tailored in mustard suede, open-neck shirt in creamy silk. The suit 47½ gns., and camel hair cap 45s. — both from Jaeger. Paris House chain and rose medallion; shirt at Liberty





Cold weather casual: lean red tartan pants, scarlet wool shirt buttoned in navy leather, and navy leather tunic. Set by San Clair at Berkertex Shop, Marshall & Snelgrove: 28 gns. Leather boots, Bally Boutique: 12 gns.

## COUNTRY STOCKISTS

P.208 (right) Koupy Boutique tweed and suède suit at Herberts, Cardiff; A. & S. Frazer Ltd., Inverness

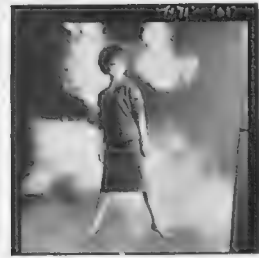
P.209 Jaeger suède suit available from Regent Street and main provincial branches. Jaeger schoolboy cap at Regent Street and Manchester

P.211 (right) Charles Creed country suit at Look Boutique, Maidenhead; Boshiers, West Byfleet

P.211 (left) Harry B. Popper wool three-piece at Marshall & Snelgrove, Southport; McDonalds, Glasgow







Point-to-point: immaculate tailoring for year-round classic. Suit in brown and forest green check, jacket partially deep green suède. Charles Creed at Le Beauchamp Boutique, S.W.3, about 27 gns.

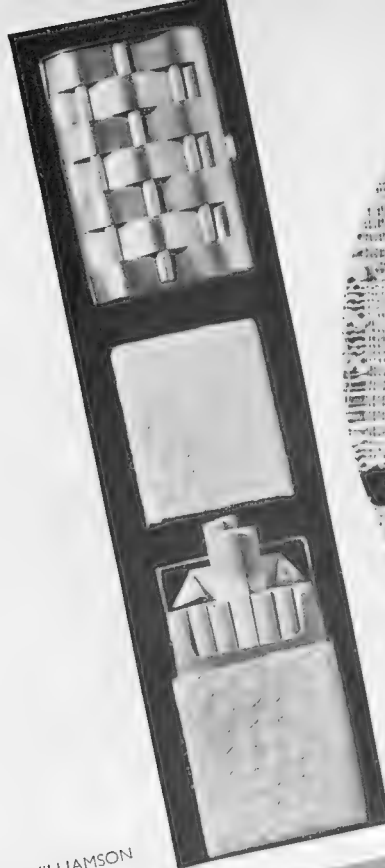


Houseparty: built for the sporting life, suit in rustic grey wool with easy walking skirt. Wrap-up three-quarter jacket in grey and red check for travelling (not shown). Harry B. Popper at Simpsons, 64 gns. the set

Country life personified: the pale lambswool twin-set worn here with sensible shoes (not shown, new casuals from Saxone), but not with pearls—instead moonstone and gilt bar from Paris House, 2 gns. Twin-set price 99s. 9d. and matching kilted skirt, 95s.—all colour combinations from Jacqmar.

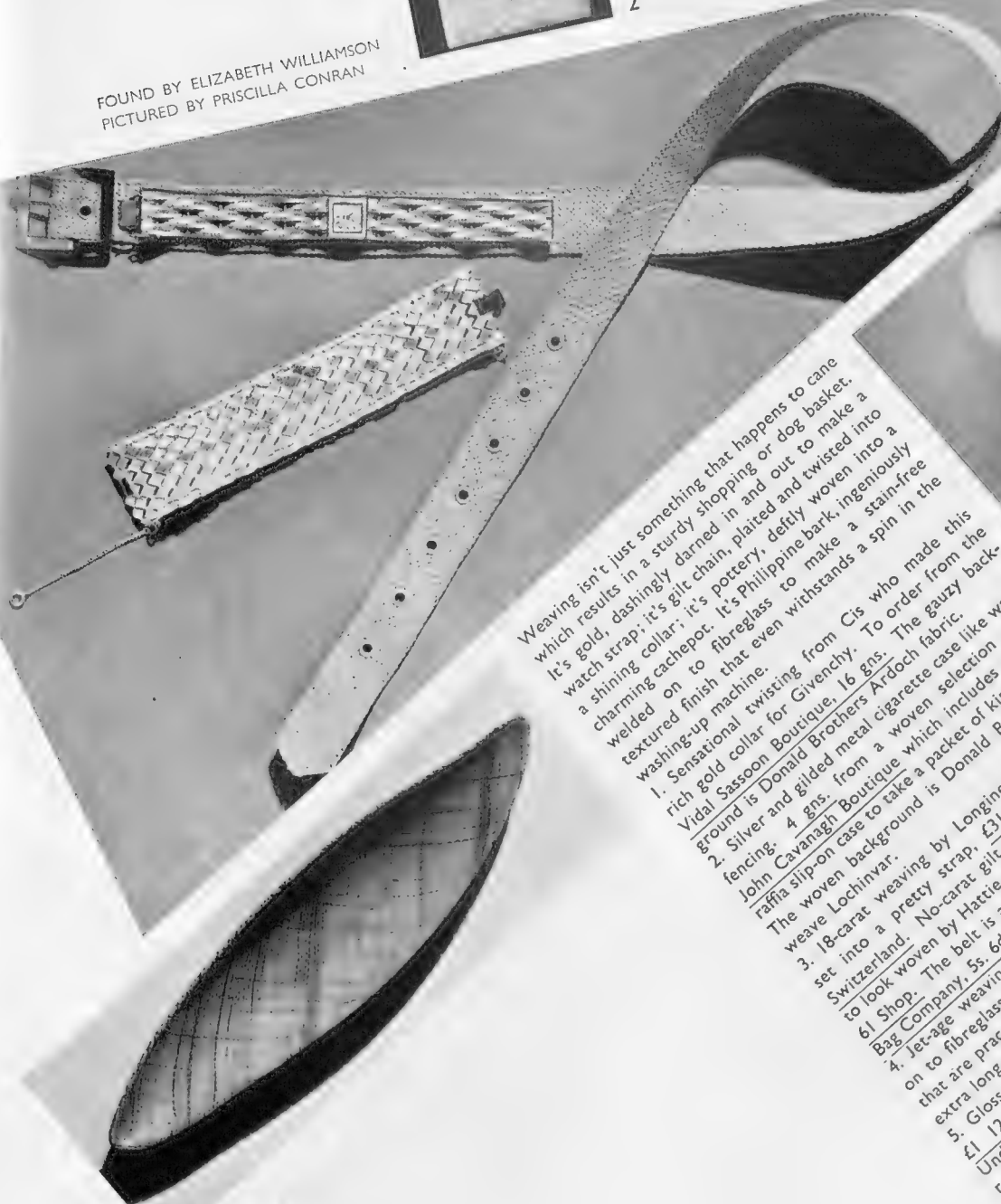






FOUND BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON  
PICTURED BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

COUNTER S



Weaving isn't just something that happens to cane which results in a sturdy shopping or dog basket. It's gold, dashing in and out to make a watch strap; it's gilt chain, plaited and twisted into a shining collar; it's pottery, deftly woven into a charming cachepot. It's Philippine bark, ingeniously welded on to fibreglass to make a stain-free washing-up machine.

1. Sensational twisting from Cis who made this rich gold collar for Givenchy. To order from the Vidal Sassoon Boutique, 16 gns. The gauzy ground is Donald Brothers Ardoch fabric.
2. Silver and gilded metal cigarette case like wattle fencing. 4 gns. from a woven selection at the John Cavanagh Boutique which includes the plain raffia slip-on case to take a packet of king size, 15s.
3. 18-carat weaving by Longines makes a watch, set into a pretty strap, £310 from Watches of Switzerland. No-carat gilt from America is made on to fibreglass for good-looking platters, bowls that are practically indestructible. From Heals, an extra long basket for French bread, 52s. 9d.
4. Jet-age weaving by X-Lon who weld weaving to look woven by Hattie Carnegie, 4 gns. from the Bag Company, 5s. 6d.
5. Glossy white pottery cachepot from Italy. Underneath it is one of the Eaton Bag Company's roughly woven raffia mats which resist heat, 2s. 6d.

# YES?

ERDIGITS

## PLAYS *Anthony Cookman*

**As You Like It.** Aldwych Theatre. (Vanessa Redgrave, Ian Bannen, Patrick Wymark, Patsy Byrne, Max Adrian.)

### *New eye in Arden*

IN RECENT YEARS DIRECTORS OF *As You Like It* HAVE FALLEN INTO THE habit of assuming that the less they do to this straightforward and familiar comedy the better. Is it not romance incarnate? Shall we not be perfectly happy left to ourselves in Arden where courtiers seeking release from themselves elect to live like the old Robin Hood of England, fleeing the time carelessly as they did in the golden world, and the incomparable Rosalind, fathoms deep in love, makes high-spirited sport of the lover she knows all the time she has got safe as houses? The directors judge audiences shrewdly up to a point. *As You Like It*, however loosely played, is a comedy easy to enjoy. But it was quite time that someone made it clear that, thus humoured, we were being given only half of the comedy to enjoy. We were being made to do without the irony which, instead of playing through and through the high romance, played fitfully or not at all.

Mr. Michael Elliott, hitherto better known in Ibsen's theatre than in Shakespeare, trained the required new eye to the business at Stratford last year, and now his unobtrusively subtle production, brought by the Royal Shakespeare Theatre company to their London home at the Aldwych, makes a precious addition to theatrical pleasure in the dull January days. Mr. Elliott, in carrying out what seems to me a genuine revitalization of the comedy, has been fortunate in his players. I have seen more accomplished Rosalinds than Miss Vanessa Redgrave's, who were able to make some of the famous points in the part more arrestingly, but I can think of no other who was so infectiously young in her high-spirited, full-hearted love, and who so irresistibly carried the audience with her in the feeling that there is nothing in life after all like youth and love and romance. Her performance is a little shallow in its beginning, but it deepens as it develops and at its climax is as touching and as true as need be.

But at the centre of the comedy, as Mr. Elliott interprets it, is not Rosalind but Touchstone. It is the jester who puts all things in the play, and every person, including himself, to the comic test. Rosalind, with her sane and joyous sanity, is the only important person to survive it. Mr. Patrick Wymark's performance is so good that we begin hastily to reconsider our estimate of Touchstone as Shakespeare's direst fool. He does wonders with some of the quips that have long ago lost any point they may once have had; he manages some of his forest encounters, which often seem almost unbearably tedious, in such a way that they come over fraught with comic meaning; and all the while he stands there four-square and not to be overlooked, the embodiment of the natural man who has never any doubt that in Arden or in Arcady itself, whatever it pleases a romantic duke and his countess to pretend, human nature is still human nature and will be served.

It is Touchstone's business to bring all that is high flown in the comedy and not true to nature down to earth. Mr. Wymark fulfils this function to admiration. No less admirable is Mr. Max Adrian's playing of Jaques. Even the great Hazlitt swallowed the intellectual pretensions

of Monsieur Melancholy and called him the prince of philosophic idlers. Mr. Adrian and Mr. Elliott prefer to represent him as Touchstone, Rosalind and Orlando all see him—as a shallow highbrow show-off. Mr. Adrian is remarkably successful in declaiming the celebrated speech on the seven ages of man so that it appears what it is—a string of sententious commonplaces—and yet makes good hearing as a piece of declamation. The skittish Audrey who Touchstone chooses to wive is a very jolly and amusing creation by Miss Patsy Byrne, and Miss Rosalind Wright holds up her corner as Celia remarkably well. Mr. Ian Bannen's Orlando is the typical lover of romance and as one who is deeply "love-slaked" plausibly leaves the wit and the quick understanding to his mistress and is content to be her slightly foolish butt. In sum, the best balanced, the most properly ironical and not the least romantic *As You Like It* we have had for many years.

## FILMS *Elsbeth Grant*

**Splendour In The Grass.** Director Elia Kazan. (Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, Fred Stewart, Audrey Christie, Pat Hingle.)

**Only Two Can Play.** Director Sidney Gilliat. (Peter Sellers, Mai Zetterling, Virginia Maskell, Richard Attenborough, Kenneth Griffith.)

### *Gee, it's tough, waiting...!*

UNLESS MY EARS DECEIVED ME, MR. ELIA KAZAN SAID ON THE B.B.C. that because his film *Splendour In The Grass* reflects the spirit of the 1920s and shows the harm done by puritanical parents to their innocent young, it is enjoying a great success in the United States. I can see why it might—even though it bored and irritated me. The adult American is nothing if not nostalgic and probably looks back fondly on those feverish, get-rich-quick years when everybody dreamed of (and some succeeded in) making a fortune overnight by buying on margin and selling immediately at a vast profit. The halcyon days were followed by a nation-wide depression—but at least they were followed: brooding in his shelter and rightly reasoning that the worst kind of depression is preferable to obliteration, the American citizen may well pine for the good old days gone by.

As for the American teenagers, they no doubt welcome any film which represents as highly dangerous the attempts of parents to dissuade their offspring from forming sexual relationships while still at school. The parents in the film—Miss Audrey Christie, a narrow-minded, tactless meddler, and Mr. Pat Hingle, an obscene, loud-mouthed, hysterical extrovert—are too awful to be credible, but this will not deter the American teenager from hauling *its* procreators along to see

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216



"I understand the muscles are dubbed"





Iolanthe, the Gilbert and Sullivan opera that opened the Savoy Theatre in 1882, giving the succeeding works a home and a name, opens another phase in the history of the Savoy operas tonight. At Sadler's Wells, London will see the first new production of a G & S opera since the copyright on Gilbert's words lapsed, and with it release for the whole canon from the stewardship of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, currently playing the Savoy. The new production has been staged by Frank Hauser, who claims never to have seen a professional G & S production, hence departures from traditional presentation are expected.

Eric Shilling is the "highly susceptible chancellor," seen *left* with Julian Moyle who plays Strephon, the shepherd whose main difficulty in life is proving to his Arcadian sweetheart Phyllis (Elizabeth Harwood, *below*) that since his mother is a fairy she looks younger than he does.

Alexander Faris, who has been associated with the Sadler's Wells company's departures into light opera over the last three years, will conduct, and Desmond Heeley is responsible for the décor and costumes

# IOLANTHE

## UNBOUND

Photographs: Reg Wilson



WEST BECOMES EAST in *My Geisha*, a film about an actress whose marriage is threatened by her ambition. The enigmatic Japanese lady (right), with Yves Montand and Bob Cummings, is none other than that high-spirited extrovert Shirley MacLaine in disguise. Below: in her familiar personality, with Yoko Tani



Mr. Kazan's work, just to l'arn 'em. The box-office is bound to benefit. Miss Natalie Wood, a gentle creature of fairly humble origin, and Mr. Warren Beatty, the good-looking son of a newly-rich oil tycoon, are classmates at a Kansas small-town school—and they are in love. It is a sweet, romantic affair until “petting” (a favourite pastime of the period) stirs carnal desires—resistance to which throws the palpitating pair into a fever of frustration. Their watchful parents worry in the nastiest way—upsetting and bewildering the poor young things with odious advice. Miss Wood's mum (Miss Christie) regards sex as disgusting even in marriage, and wants no daughter of hers to have any truck with it until she has hooked herself a husband: Mr. Beatty would be acceptable in that capacity, as he's rich—but no hanky-panky before the wedding day, *please*. Mr. Beatty's paw (Mr. Hingle) warns his son that “nice girls” should be “respected”: there is, he leers, another type of girl available for the casual sexual experience. (How's that for a “puritanical parent”?) Mr. Hingle has no objection to Miss Wood as a daughter-in-law, but insists that Mr. Beatty must finish his education before he marries: he packs the boy off to Yale.

The waiting time imposed upon the young lovers is too much for them. Mr. Beatty becomes an alcoholic and impulsively weds a friendly, slutish Italian waitress (Miss Zohra Lampert, rather endearing)—while Miss Wood cracks up completely and has to spend the next few years in a mental institution.

To counteract the suggestion, most positively made, that sexual abstinence in adolescence can drive a body round the bend, Mr. Kazan has thrown in a delicate hint that over-indulgence is not a good thing, either: Mr. Beatty's gin-swigging sister (Miss Barbara Loden), who's mad about males, comes to a horrid end. This, I suppose, makes it impossible to construe the film, which takes its title from Wordsworth's *Intimations Of Immortality*, as an incitation to immorality—but the gloomy rider it adds to the poet's “Heaven lies about us in our infancy” certainly seems to read “Hell haunts our teenage chastity.”

Sexual frustration refreshingly rears a laughing head in **Only Two Can Play**—a farcical comedy directed by Mr. Sidney Gilliat and based

on a novel by Mr. Kingsley Amis called *That Uncertain Feeling*. Without having read Mr. Amis's book, I suspect that the screenplay by Mr. Bryan Forbes is a fairly free adaptation: it is light-hearted, devoid of the slightest sting of social comment, impudently amusing. Mr. Peter Sellers plays John Lewis—a red-brick-university product who resentfully finds himself stuck in a small Welsh town with the job of a second-class librarian. He lives with his wife (Miss Virginia Maskell) and two small children in cramped lodgings—sharing a communal bathroom-lavatory (how I detest the jokes extractable from *that*), tartly coping with a hostile landlady, and being driven mad by wallpaper alive with virile stags which daily remind him of the Monarch of the Glen he might have been.

To say that Lewis has “the seven-year itch” is to underestimate his condition: his is a permanent response to the allure of the nubile nymph on the morning bus, the bouncing bust by the library shelves, the teenage tennis-players with their flirting brief skirts—but nothing ever comes of it. A Mrs. Gruffyd-Williams (Miss Mai Zetterling), bored wife of the local big-wig who virtually controls the appointment of chief librarians, runs a predatory eye over him and dangles the prospect of advancement in front of his twitching nose. An affair—and promotion? Poor Lewis would be lost but for the teasing deity who delights in tripping-up mortals on the very threshold of bliss.

A riotous seduction scene in Mrs. Gruffyd-Williams's stately home is interrupted by the untimely return of her husband—another, staged in green pastures and a white convertible, by night, is humiliatingly disrupted by a herd of roused cows and a furious farmer with a shotgun. This is all very funny—but what is one to make of Lewis? He is ambitious and humble, astute and absurd, lustful and loyal, by turns. Even Mr. Sellers, who gives half-a-dozen excellent performances, cannot persuade me that he is a real person—as real, say, as his wife (Miss Maskell is utterly convincing), his hypocritical rival for the post of chief librarian (Mr. Kenneth Griffith) or, for that matter, his little daughter's unseen familiar, name of Bolk, whose line of caustic comment is at least consistent.



## BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

**Take A Deep Breath**, by Jane Chichester (Michael Joseph, 15s.)  
**The Noonday Thread**, by Charlotte Morrow (Hutchinson, 16s.)  
**Earnest Victorians**, by Robert A. Rosenbaum (Heinemann, 25s.)  
**The Nodding Canaries**, by Gladys Mitchell (Michael Joseph, 15s.)  
**Hostess tout court**, by Constance Spry & Rosemary Hume (Dent, 15s.)

### *Cool draught of craftsmanship*

A FIRST NOVEL AND, I THINK, A BRIGHT AUGURY FOR THE FUTURE IS **Take A Deep Breath**. Its author (her husband is Roger Longrigg, who wrote *A High Pitched Buzz*—and that family is either dead silent or the rattle of dialogue is formidable) knows exactly what she can do well, and has done it with astonishing smooth confidence and technical skill. This is a slight—and why do most novels have to be so hefty anyway?—well trimmed and combed, funny novel with a serious intent, about one of those nice debby girls who live mostly in the country, hunt, know other debby girls, and take the occasional job in London for which they have neither talent nor training. The difference about this one is that she falls in love with a charming, terrible drunk.

The writer's skill is for conversations, at which she is briskly brilliant, and for moving us along from scene to scene, person to person, so that there is never a dull moment. Wisely she's made it a brief book since none of the characters will really stand too long acquaintance—much the nicest in the book is an Irishman called James who lives among a multitude of dogs and has for father a darling general written with exquisite precision, but he only serves to edge the heroine a touch nearer the un-hero, and we lose sight of him very early on. Miss Chichester deliberately keeps the tone light and avoids any exploration too deep below the surface of her characters' predicament, yet I found the tone of voice extraordinarily true, the experience entirely convincing, the throw away sad end a mercy—for an awful moment I thought we might be in for reformation, reconciliation, more laughter and jolly champagne.

**The Noonday Thread** by Charlotte Morrow is an oddly old-fashioned novel about an unsatisfactory marriage between two rather startlingly humourless people, which is unsettled even further by a brief wartime affair between the wife and her former lover. The lover plays the piano with a characteristic "swift backward fling of the head" ("Oh, Alastair—do you realize—we're alive again," says the heroine while he plays "the sad little tune from *Les Biches*") and makes some pretty stunning speeches to his beloved: "And I . . . I've just grown lean of spirit on a diet of self-consuming fire. I think I was rather a wild and tiresome sort of Mercutio when you first knew me, but now—you don't know how dull I am. Just an over-efficient expert, with a lust for the paraphernalia of the operating theatre so that I can feel the satisfaction of power over some things, at least." In no way daunted by his approach to dialogue, she toasts more tea-buns and they share a feeling of absolute and timeless security. It all seems a little remote—but then, if one is not in precisely the right frame of mind, Personal-Relationships-Matter-Terribly novels often do.

Briefly . . . **Earnest Victorians** by Robert A. Rosenbaum is a sort of snippety elementary first reader on Newman, Charles Darwin, Lord Ashley, Rossetti and Elizabeth Barrett, an anthology which might be useful in sparking interest alive in maybe a sixth form reader; I am not sure I quite see the point of quite such a scrappy approach, and Mr. Rosenbaum seems to me to skip lightly off without making much serious comment. . . . Gladys Mitchell's **The Nodding Canaries** is a nice thriller with a pretty plot—suspected attempted murder of two budding gym mistresses in an old flint mine; but I never have enough of Dame Beatrice Lestrangle Bradley, and unreasonably feel that the detection just gets in the way. . . . Of the making of "hostess" books there is no end, at least not for the hopeful moment, and **Hostess tout court** is the title of another by the late Constance Spry & Rosemary Hume. It has a certain bold panache—for example: "As I have written in *Favourite Flowers*, for one of the most exciting parties before the war in a big



THE TABLE, a still life from Joan Miro (*Faber & Faber*, 15s.), one of the *Faber Gallery series*

### PICTURES IN BOOKS

A BUFFALO, from Flower & Bird Painting of the Sung Dynasty (15s.) in the *Faber Gallery of Oriental Art*



London hotel we used cow parsley from the hedgerows and simple marguerites," to which I can only add a weak and over-excited hooray. The book has wickedly funny drawings, in quite another tone of voice, by Lesley Blanch; one of these suggests that "all that the guest might need during the night" would include biscuits, cigarettes, a small library, water, fruit and a loaded revolver. "Cheese biscuits and sticks and savouries," says *Hostess* blandly, "are not discountenanced by nannies." Goody absolutely gumdrops, and happy cheese sticks all round.

## RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

**El Senor Bing**, by Bing Crosby  
**Count Basie With Sarah Vaughan**  
**Gillespiana**, by Dizzy Gillespie  
**The Great Kai & J.J.**, by Winding & Johnson  
**This Is The Blues**, Vol. I, by Ken Colyer

### *Bing sets the standard*

THE MUSIC OF BING CROSBY MAY SEEM TO MAKE A STRANGE OPENING to a jazz review, but his is the immaculate artistry that sets the standard by which performances should be judged today. The contemporary crop of pop singers would search the grooves of **El Senor Bing** (MGM-CS-6042) in vain for a gimmick such as they are wont to employ, but they would be confronted with the sheer ability and experience of a master singer at his most graceful best. In the same ranks I would classify singer Sarah Vaughan's performance with Count Basie (SCX3403), which was an outstanding Columbia release last month. Miss Vaughan started her career singing with that once-in-a-lifetime big band led by Earl Hines in the '40s, with Gillespie and Parker in its ranks, so she was a natural to "front" the Basie ensemble. From the first note of that classic *Perdido* she sounds at home with the band, and controls every situation with poise and her own inborn jazz sense. After a succession of safe but uneventful albums, Sarah shows us all her best qualities, confirming that her style, though not acceptable to everyone, is as effective as it is listenable.

Big band jazz of a rather different sort is aimed at us by Dizzy Gillespie in an ambitious album called **Gillespiana**. It turns out to be the brainchild of his talented pianist-arranger, Argentine-born Lalo Schifrin, who was part of Dizzy's quintet on their last visit to this country. He has successfully superimposed the quintet on a background of big band arrangements, designed to feature the many talents of the great trumpeter, always allied to a skilful blend of Latin-American rhythms.

Schifrin avoids the temptation forcibly to impose one medium on the other, but achieves a successful blend with the full participation of Dizzy, who was one of the first jazz musicians to embrace rhythms of Latin-American origin in conventional jazz performances more than 10 years ago. Leo Wright's delicate contributions on flute are worthy of special attention.

I have often praised the close teamwork of those two brilliant trombonists, Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson, whose latest album, **The great Kai and J.J.** (CSD1385) has been released by H.M.V. Artistry plays a fundamental part in the exceptional "togetherness" that they reveal in their duet performances, and that is carried through their solos as well. The two hornmen, both brought up in big bands, have complementary but not identical styles, with Winding's tone perhaps a trifle fuller than Johnson's, but the latter's technique just that little bit ahead. Arranger-pianist Bill Evans leads the rhythm group that completes the quartet.

Yet another, possibly rather obscure, form of artistry reveals itself in Ken Colyer's first volume of **This is the blues** (SCX3406). It would be wrong to brand this as trad and leave it at that, because the great virtue of the Colyer band is that they do attempt to play *like* the New Orleans bands, instead of what other people think the N.O. bands should sound like.

You may possibly regard this as an academic distinction, but it

still remains one of importance, and it demands a degree of musicianship which is sadly lacking in the run-of-the-mill trad band. Ken and his men perform no miracles, but they do play jazz in an intelligent and enjoyable form. One track that I commend for attention is the rarely heard **Tishomingo blues**, which has an unusual form. The Colyer men are not just slavish copyists, but people who have taken the trouble to absorb enough of their particular idiom to develop their own styles around it.

## GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

**Modern Spanish Painting.** Tate Gallery  
**Contemporary Spanish Painting & Sculpture.** Marlborough Fine Art

### *The day of the inventor*

WHEN WRITING A FORTNIGHT AGO ABOUT THE SPANISH EXHIBITION AT Tooth's I cunningly (I thought) included references to the Tate and Marlborough Fine Art shows in the hope that I would thereby be freed from the necessity of writing about them at greater length. But it was not to be. Far from being the sort of artists you can love and leave, the majority of these Spaniards grab you by the metaphorical scruff of the neck and hit you in the eye with all they've got. And what they've got ranges from real barbed-wire fences and sheets of rusty iron stuck on canvas to montages of leather scraps on stretched hide "canvases." To us outside Spain none of this is as shocking as, I suspect, the artists hoped it would be. Our susceptibility to such trauma-inducers has been greatly diminished during the past decade by Italian, Yugoslav, French, American and even our own home-bred *inventeurs*.

What it does do, however, is to make us very curious about what has been going on in Spain to produce (and permit) these manifestations of uninhibited libido. So we turn hopefully for enlightenment to the catalogue prepared by the Arts Council for the officially sponsored Tate exhibition. We might as well turn to the telephone directory of Ashby-de-la-Zouch or to *Crockford's*. The introduction by "Jose Miguel Ruiz-Morales, Director-General of Cultural Relations, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Madrid," no less, tells us virtually nothing. For this reason anyone seriously interested would be wise to go first to the Marlborough and then use that gallery's excellent catalogue introduction as his guide to the complementary Tate exhibition.

Only at the Marlborough show is it possible to get any idea of the stature of Antonio Tapies, the most outstanding figure among artists in Spain today. Owing, I understand, to some disagreement between him and the organizers, none of his works was included among the pictures sent from Spain. An ineffectual attempt to make good this preposterous omission has resulted in three minor works being borrowed from collections in this country. At the Marlborough, however, there are eight canvases that admirably display this strange artist's great variety of invention and imagery. Here, too, are three things by Manolo Millares whose absence from the Tate is very conspicuous. I say "three things" because Millares is the man who tears holes in his canvases and ties the pieces in knots before he paints them. With classic understatement the author of the catalogue introduction describes this as "almost transgressing the traditional limits of painting"!

But what are the traditional limits of painting? Millares, working with paint and canvas, even though the canvas may be torn, tied or chewed, is traditional compared with, for instance, Gustavo Torner, Salvador Soria or Francisco Ferreras (all well represented at the Tate). Torner makes his pictures of sheet metal, highly polished or battered and rusty; Soria uses wire mesh and scrap metal; Ferreras handles tissue paper with great skill to produce extraordinarily fascinating decorations that, at a few feet distance, may be taken for oil paintings. But these sorts of things are not paintings, nor are they sculptures. Until anyone suggests a better name I shall classify them as "inventions" and I hope the organizers of art exhibitions will one day follow suit.





Robert Wraight

*At 34, Sydney Harpley, seen right in his Kew studio with a plaster group The Dockers commissioned for an L.C.C. housing estate, has won the £7,500 prize-commission for a memorial to the South African soldier-statesman Jan Smuts, against international competition. It will stand in the heart of Cape Town. A preliminary study for Smuts's head, made from photographs, is shown above. Sydney Harpley's work has been one of the bright spots of the Sculpture Room at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition since 1954. He is married to artist Sally Holliday and has three children*



Romano Cagnoni

*Willy Gordon, the Swedish sculptor, whose work at Kiruna, the Arctic mining town, attracted world-wide attention, is having his first exhibition in Britain at the Grosvenor Gallery, Davies Street, until 26 January. He is seen here with one of his recent works in the garden of the Swedish Institute in Kensington*



# SELLERS MARKET

The market for Sellers has never been so good. Hardly have we finished laughing at one film than another comes along, as with *Only Two Can Play* premièred this month, and *Lolita* in which he steps out of his comic mantle to play Quilty. There is a precedent for this. In *Never Let Go* he jolted his admirers by tackling the part of a sadistic garage operator. His two current films bring the Sellers total to almost 20 since his first, *John & Julie*, in 1955. Last year he made his debut as a director in *Mr. Topaze*, in which he played the title role, and his co-starring with Sophia Loren in *The Millionairess* resulted in a

cute pop song that ran up to the top of the hit parade. On a different level, the short surrealist comedy he made with Spike Milligan, *The Running, Jumping, Standing Still Film*, won awards all over the world.

Sellers entered the market during the war, afterwards appearing at the Windmill where his stock rose as he even made the men in the front row laugh. He played the B.B.C. as a mimic and after meeting Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in 1949 started the *Goon Show* which ran intermittently for 10 years. Television shows were demanded and after comedies like *The Ladykillers* and *The Smallest Show on Earth* his film career culminated in *I'm All Right Jack* when he won an Oscar for his portrayal of a shop steward.

In his new film Peter Sellers assumes a Welsh accent for the first time, a further addition to a gallery of mimicry that has made him generally unrecognizable from one film to the next. This quality he shares with Alec Guinness, and Sellers is, in fact, the only British actor since Guinness to achieve star status in America.



Stone-breaker Sellers in *Two Way Stretch* (right), a comedy with a prison background. Grape-eater Sellers presented a better-fed appearance (below right) in *Carlton-Browne Of The F.O.*



Brave bridegroom Sellers with bride Irene Handl in *I'm All Right, Jack*, probably his biggest success to date. Right: Worm-that-turned Sellers made several attempts to get women out of his way in *The Battle of the Sexes*



Good Looks

Flyaway ribbons

There's a move towards the flyaway ribbon. It's all part of the young feeling that stamped 1961—that is creeping into 1962. For whoever heard of a little girl without her ribbon? Alice knew all about it with her wide band catching back a silky fold of hair. Every schoolgirl ties her hair with one, and there's even been a song immortalizing the girl who wore a yellow ribbon.

Velvet ribbon comes in the softest colours and it's cleverest to pick up eye colour with a smudgy blue or green. Shiny satin or silk ribbon makes the best bows. Braided ribbon can make a devastating mixture for a Lengen head band—try grass green against bright blue. If you don't want to tie your own ribbon, Vidal Sassoon has drawerfuls to choose from; Galeries Lafayette have French ones on stiff half bandeaux to clamp on top; the 61 Shop has them; Carita, too, have tied them prettily and permanently.

Presented on this page are four good reasons why you should try a ribbon in your hair.

1. Vidal Sassoon's square set cut with deep, boxy sides curving under cheekbones. The ribbon is tied in a long, lazy bow.

2. John of Knightsbridge makes a fragile, upswept frame for a Christmas parcel ribbon.

3. Xavier makes a bombé build-up from a forehead band with two curvy tendrils escaping on either side.

4. Steiner sets his ribbon at the base of a downward sweeping topknot whose shape is repeated by the hair framing the face.

Elizabeth Williamson

Barry Warner





## DINING IN

Helen Burke

## The fuss that pays

JUST ABOUT NOW, WHEN COOKED GREENS—EVEN THE TINIEST OF BUTTON sprouts—begin to pall, I for one long for salads. Seeking crisp lettuce I find that the only ones available are hot-house forced and on the limp side, but chicory (Belgian endive) and beetroot are good and go well together, the slightly bitter chicory contrasting pleasantly with the rather bland sweetish beetroot. Then there is COLE SLAW (shredded raw cabbage) coated with an American salad dressing. There is, however, a snag with salads: the vinegar or lemon juice in the dressing does clash with wine. A gourmet friend, who insists on salads at this time of year, has solved the problem easily by using no dressing at all. An alternative solution could have been to leave the salad until the wine was finished. Nearly every time I order a salad in a restaurant, I do this, only to find that, inevitably, I am the last to start eating the salad and most of it is left.

I cannot understand why my friend never thought of having an oil and wine dressing—that is, using a little of the wine served at his meal in place of vinegar or lemon juice. I suggest that this is an experiment really worth trying.

During the shortage of fresh green vegetables in the Christmas cold spell we still had adequate supplies of canned and quick-frozen ones. These, if heated through, well drained and dotted with butter, are very good indeed, but some canned vegetables really do pay if a little fuss is made of them. Broad beans are an example. I like them canned better than quick-frozen and usually heat them in their own stock and drain them well before turning them into a rich white sauce. This is made by melting butter in a pan, cooking a little less than its weight of plain flour in it, then adding enough full-cream milk to make it medium thick. I season the sauce, of course, and add sufficient not-too-finely-chopped fresh parsley to flavour it.

This past week, having planned to serve broad beans with roast loin of pork, I decided to make even more fuss of them and produced a new-to-me dish.

First of all, I cut a medium-small green sweet pepper into small dice and cooked them for 5 minutes in a small knob of butter and 2 tablespoons of water. Then I added a large handful of halved tiny button mushrooms and cooked them together for 3 minutes. So far, there was a lot of green about that dish and the beans were still to come, so I opened the smallest can of bright red pimentos (already skinned and cooked), cut them into Julienne strips and added them and their juice. Next, I made the white sauce as above, but without the parsley, and turned the mélange into it. Finally, I added the hot well-drained broad beans and sprinkled freshly chopped parsley over all.

Do try this dish with roast pork and I think you will like it as much as we did. I find that canned pimentos have a better flavour than the fresh sweet red peppers.

A few weeks back, a friend invited me to lunch and the main dish was POACHED CHICKEN, carved, laid on a bed of pilaff rice and coated with a creamy lemon sauce. Since then, I have had a go at it myself and here is the first effort: For 5 to 6 persons, start with a plump, white-skinned roasting chicken of about 4½ to 5 lb.—and it must not be a boiling fowl. Poach it and the giblets (but not the liver) in a pot which is not too large, so that the stock will be rich. Cover it with cold water. Add a sliced half-lemon, including the rind. This will not only keep the flesh white but it will also add the desired flavour. Add also a *bouquet garni*, a glass of white wine (a semi-dry one is ideal), salt to taste and 6 crushed peppercorns.

Bring the water to the boil and simmer, covered, until the bird is tender. This can be judged by testing the leg. A young chicken will be ready in a little over an hour. Let the chicken become cool enough to be handled, but it must not become cold.

Meanwhile, strain about 1½ pint of the stock. Add to it the juice of a lemon and taste it. If not pronounced enough, add a little more. Blend a tablespoon of cornflour with a little water and stir it into the hot stock. Bring to the boil, simmer for 4 minutes, then taste and, if necessary, correct the seasoning.

While this is going on, skin the chicken. Then cut the breast meat into slices. Remove the bones from the legs and thighs and cut the flesh into suitable pieces—and do not forget the fillets in the back. Coat them with a little strained stock and keep hot. At the last minute, beat together an egg yolk and a generous ½ pint of double cream and stir them into the sauce. Arrange the drained chicken pieces on a pilaff base. Pour enough sauce over them to coat them and pass the remainder in a heated sauce boat.

Almost the most delicious vegetable to serve with this dish is sliced unpeeled courgettes cooked in butter to which a small spoonful of olive oil has been added. The courgettes will brown and the butter will not burn—unless one is very careless.

Now for the PILAFF. Cook a chopped onion in 1 oz. butter until it is a deep cream. Add 8 oz. of Carolina rice, stir it about to coat it with the butter and cook until it is chalky. Add chicken stock to cover well, a *bouquet garni* and seasoning. Put in a casserole, cover and place in the oven, preheated to 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5, and leave there for 20 to 25 minutes, when the rice should have absorbed the liquid, with each grain separate. Remove the *bouquet*. Add to the pilaff 2 tablespoons of mixed currants and sultanas, a small piece of candied lemon peel cut into slivers and about 2 oz. of roasted blanched almonds split through. Cover and leave to blend together for a few minutes, then proceed as above.

*Note:* If the sauce seems too thick, add a little more stock before the egg and cream go into it.



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## MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

*Doing it the exciting way*

AN ITALIAN PUBLISHER I KNOW STILL KEEPS A TD M.G. IN HIS GARAGE, though his fleet includes a variety of cars from a Rolls-Royce to a Ferrari. For him, the TD is the last of the true sports cars. Its traditional radiator, flanked by headlamps mounted on stout iron brackets, its separate wings and running boards and its exposed square-cut petrol tank symbolize the sports cars of the great days and he cannot reconcile himself to the modern MGA; still less to devices like the Triumph TR4 which are so decadent as to include heaters and winding windows in their specifications.

Of course there is still one new car which provides all the stark, functional appearance anyone could wish, and in its latest form it has quite a staggering performance. This is the little Lotus Seven, now available with a specially tuned Ford Classic engine. Hundreds of these cars have been built up from kits by young enthusiasts using Ford Anglia engines, and with their fine road holding they have enabled their owners to learn the finer points of driving at club race meetings on many tracks up and down the country. But the new model has a really breathtaking getaway.

The 1340 c.c. Ford Classic engine is tuned by Cosworth, the people who do the Formula Junior engines, with special camshaft and valve springs and two twin-choke Weber carburettors, to give an output of 85 horsepower. The clutch is modified to take the extra power and the drum brakes are fitted with anti-fade linings. Buyers who are prepared to spend the extra money can fit their cars with disc front brakes. The Seven is only knee high and has no doors, so admission is restricted to those who are slim and fairly agile. But once installed behind the slim wood-rimmed steering wheel, you find the essential controls beautifully arranged for high-speed motoring. The positioning of some of the minor ones is a little unusual, and the starter is cunningly concealed under the instrument panel, but pedals, gear lever and steering wheel invite you to make full use of the performance. The engine goes singing round to over 6,000 revolutions a minute in the gears, but is surprisingly flexible and docile in traffic. The springing is distinctly firm—with such low ground clearance it has to be—and might dismay those who yearn for

limousines with a soft and silky ride. But the odd thing about firm springing is that it often turns out to be less fatiguing in the long run, and it certainly gives the Seven the most magnificent road holding. Steering is quick and light (only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  turns from lock to lock) so the Seven can go darting through traffic like a lizard through a flowerbed. In acceleration it can give an E-type Jaguar something to ponder over, up to 90 m.p.h. at least. It goes from a standstill to 60 m.p.h. in a little over six seconds and from standstill to 90 in 17 seconds according to the works testers, and after a short, exhilarating test run I can well believe them. Its ability to dart past trucks on our crowded main roads makes it one of the quickest cars I know from point to point. Maximum speed is around 107 m.p.h. which is quite a remarkable achievement, because the Seven is far from streamlined.

Of course such a car can only be enjoyed by people who like fresh air. It rushes past, clutching at the hair as it goes, and if you should move your head out of the shelter of the small windscreen at high speed, you encounter it in large, solid-feeling lumps. When working vigorously at the wheel, the right elbow projects outside the body and there is some talk of "Lotus elbow" arising in cold, wet weather. But when all sports cars were built in this way, we had an answer to this. The sleeve of an old mackintosh, drawn on to the right arm, gave extra protection in wet weather. I must also admit that if you should happen to look over the side when cornering fast on a wet road, you are quite likely to receive a jet of water in the eye, projected from the front wheel. But to the true lover of traditional sports car motoring, this is all part of the enjoyment. There is of course a hood which can be erected in rainy weather, but as there are no doors, the problem of getting in with the hood up defeats most people, so the better way seems to be to get in and finish fastening the hood from inside. In short, you wear it rather than erect it.

If your idea of motoring enjoyment is listening to the radio in air-conditioned comfort, the Lotus Seven is not for you. But for those who want really high performance and racing car road holding on a small budget, the kit at £599 which can be assembled in a weekend seems to be remarkable value for money.



## ROSES &amp; ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

Queen Mary's garden

QUITE APART FROM BEING A DELIGHTFUL PLACE IN ITS OWN RIGHT and a charming memorial to a great lady, Queen Mary's rose garden in Regent's Park is of special interest to those growing roses in towns. It is there that a comprehensive collection of roses, including the latest varieties, can be studied in relation to their behaviour in all ordinary city conditions. The fumes from the London streets seem to increase month by month, and I marvel at the way in which the roses continue to flourish. There must be a powerful counter-irritant in the London air for I have seen roses of quite good quality in tiny gardens near to King's Cross in soil that has never seen manure since the hansom cabs departed, and blooming in an atmosphere that can hardly be called salubrious.

I hope to deal with roses in town gardens at some future time. However, having made some notes last summer in Regent's Park of a number of modern roses that seem good for similar circumstances, I hope they will prove useful to readers in and out of London. The *Queen Elizabeth* rose was superb, massed in a tall bank or hedge. There is no doubt about the suitability of this rose for town gardening; I have seen it doing well in other parts of London, notably in the Inner Temple. (Speaking of the Temple gardens, I was very intrigued to hear the captain of a Thames launch inform his passengers that across the river were the Temple gardens "where the fighting broke out in the Wars of the Roses.")

Next I would put *Anne Letts*, an altogether delightful pale madder pink H.T., flushed a darker pink and with a slight scent, and with it a more widely known rose, *Mme. Louise Laperrière*, of dark damask-like crimson, so what resembling my old favourite *Gen. MacArthur*. *Grand Gala* (H.T.) looked well enough massed in beds, but I noticed that it bleached badly.

This fading applied to *Soraya*. The vivid scarlet of this rose deterior-



*The Daily Sketch (floribunda)*

ates to dirty pale mauve, giving an unpleasant effect of clashing colour. *Grace de Monaco* occupies a prominent place in these gardens, and does extremely well, but the blooms are oversized for my taste. I also noted two choice polyanthas worth remembering. The first was the yellow, low growing *Golden Jewel*, a most useful rose for small hedges, and the second the dark red *Coronet*. To these I am adding a new introduction which seems happy in town gardens, the madder carmine/silver white *Daily Sketch*, illustrated here. *Daily Sketch* is a distinctive rose and has, I have noticed, a long flowering period.

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**Miss Priscilla Hurry to Mr. Peter Delisle:** *She* is the daughter of Capt. G. E. Hurry, R.N., & Mrs. Hurry, of Chapman's, New Ranges, Shoeburyness, Essex. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. E. S. Delisle, of St. Kitt's, West Indies, and Trevor Square, S.W.7.

Yevonde



**Miss Gloria Blanca Mulhally to Mr. Nicholas Drummond Pullen:** *She* is the daughter of Mr. Richard T. Mulhally, of Buenos Aires, and Mrs. William Ladd, of Hertford Street, W.1. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Brian G. Pullen, of The White House, Marsworth, Bucks.

Yevonde



## Engagements

**Miss Noreen Bennett to Squadron Leader Geoffrey Strickland Cooper.** *She* is the daughter of Air Vice-Marshal & Mrs. D. C. T. Bennett, of Farnham Royal, Bucks. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. T. W. Cooper, of Hampshire

Harlip



**Miss Diana Margaret Gort and Mr. John Anthony Williamson.** *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Harold Gort, of Widdowes, Shirley Holms, Hampshire. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. T. C. Williamson, D.S.O. & Bar, of Beaumont Hall, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, and Mrs. D. C. Lyette Green, of Bilbrough Manor, York

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**Miss Celia Bruce to Lt. Com. Lachlan R. D. Mackintosh of Mackintosh, R.N.** *She* is the daughter of Capt. the Hon. John B. Bruce, R.N., & Mrs. Bruce, of Itchen Abbas, Winchester. *He* is the son of the late Vice-Admiral The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., and of Mrs. Mackintosh of Mackintosh, of Moy Hall, Inverness-shire

Andrew Paterson





# FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

## Mr. J. M. Barraclough and Miss N. V. E. G. Roper

The engagement is announced between James Mark, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. K. J. P. Barraclough, of Elgon, Fleet, Hampshire, and Nicola Valerie Edwina Gregson, daughter of Captain E. G. Roper, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.S.C., Royal Navy, and Mrs. Roper, of Polmayne, St. Minver, Cornwall.

## Mr. J. Lambert and Miss A. M. Helps

The engagement is announced between Martin John, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lambert, of 13 Woodfield Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, and Angela Maria, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Helps, of 82 Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.7.

## Mr. D. D. B. McLeod and Miss A. E. Michell

The engagement is announced between David, son of Dr. T. I. McLeod and Mrs. McLeod, of North Walsingham, Norfolk, and Angela, younger daughter of the late Commander E. D. Michell, D.S.C., Royal Navy, and Mrs. Roualeyn Cumming, of Post Mead, Bishop's Waltham, Hampshire, and 53 Lowndes Square, S.W.1.

## Mr. C. J. P. de Winton and Miss J. S. White

The engagement is announced between Charles Jocelyn Parry, third son of Mr. W. F. P. de Winton, of Tymanwr, Llanfrynach, near Brecon, and the late Hon. Mrs. de Winton, and Joan Sheila, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. White, of Dunelm, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire.

## Mr. D. B. Weston and Miss S. M. Smythe

The engagement is announced between David Benjamin, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. McV. Weston, of Meadroft, Gatton Park Road, Redhill, and Sarah Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Smythe, of Blackthorn, Slinfold, Sussex.

## Mr. D. B. Hill and Miss C. M. Crossley

The engagement is announced between David Babington, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Hill, of 8 Ovington Court, S.W.3, and Cordelia Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Crossley, of Sun House, Birstwith, near Harrogate.

## Mr. N. M. Lawrance and Miss I. A. Herring

The engagement is announced between Norman Macleod Lawrance, of Pelham Mount, Pelham's Walk, Esher, Surrey, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. N. McL. Lawrance, formerly of North Munstead, Godalming, Surrey, and Irene Audrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Herring, of Bardsey, Derby Road, Haslemere, Surrey.

## Mr. J. D. M. Rennie and Miss P. M. C. Watson

The engagement is announced between James Douglas Milne, son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Rennie, of Underwood Grange, Rawdon, Leeds, and Patricia Margaret Calhoun, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Watson, of Church House, Norton, Presteign, Radnorshire.

## Mr. I. N. McCallum and Miss H. S. Collinson

The engagement is announced between Ian, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. McCallum, of 12 Canning Place, W.8, and Hilary, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Collinson, of Hartshill, Upton, Wirral, Cheshire.

## Mr. D. Allan and Miss R. Taylor

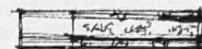
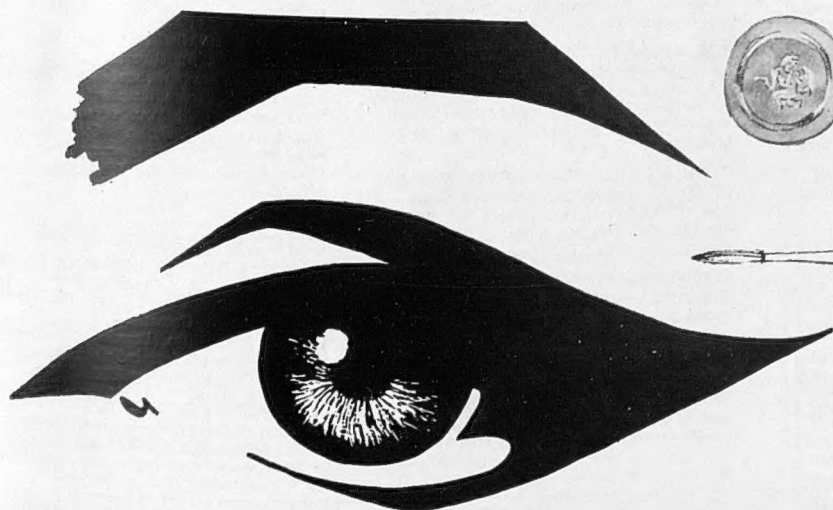
The engagement is announced between David, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Allan, 34 Victoria Road North, Southsea, and Rosalind, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. Taylor, Larchwood, Kerves Lane, Horsham, Sussex.

## Dr. N. R. H. Boyd and Miss E. M. Goodall

The engagement is announced between Nicholas Robert Hawker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reynold Boyd, of 6 Meadway Close, N.W.11, and Evelyn Marie, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Goodall, of 5 Northcroft Avenue, South Elmsall, Yorkshire.

## Mr. R. C. N. Morley and Miss S. Loweth

The engagement is announced between Roger Charles Nisbet, son of the late Mr. R. N. Morley and Mrs. Morley, of Bordyke, Tonbridge, Kent, and Susan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Loweth, of Yoel House, Rothley, Leicestershire.



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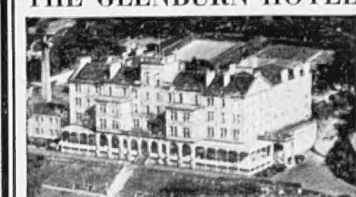
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